

Carmel Pine Cone

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5c PER COPY

"KEEP CARMEL NATURAL AND UNVENEERED" Pedro J. Lemos

Stanford Curator of Art Will Build Medieval Shops on Properties Here

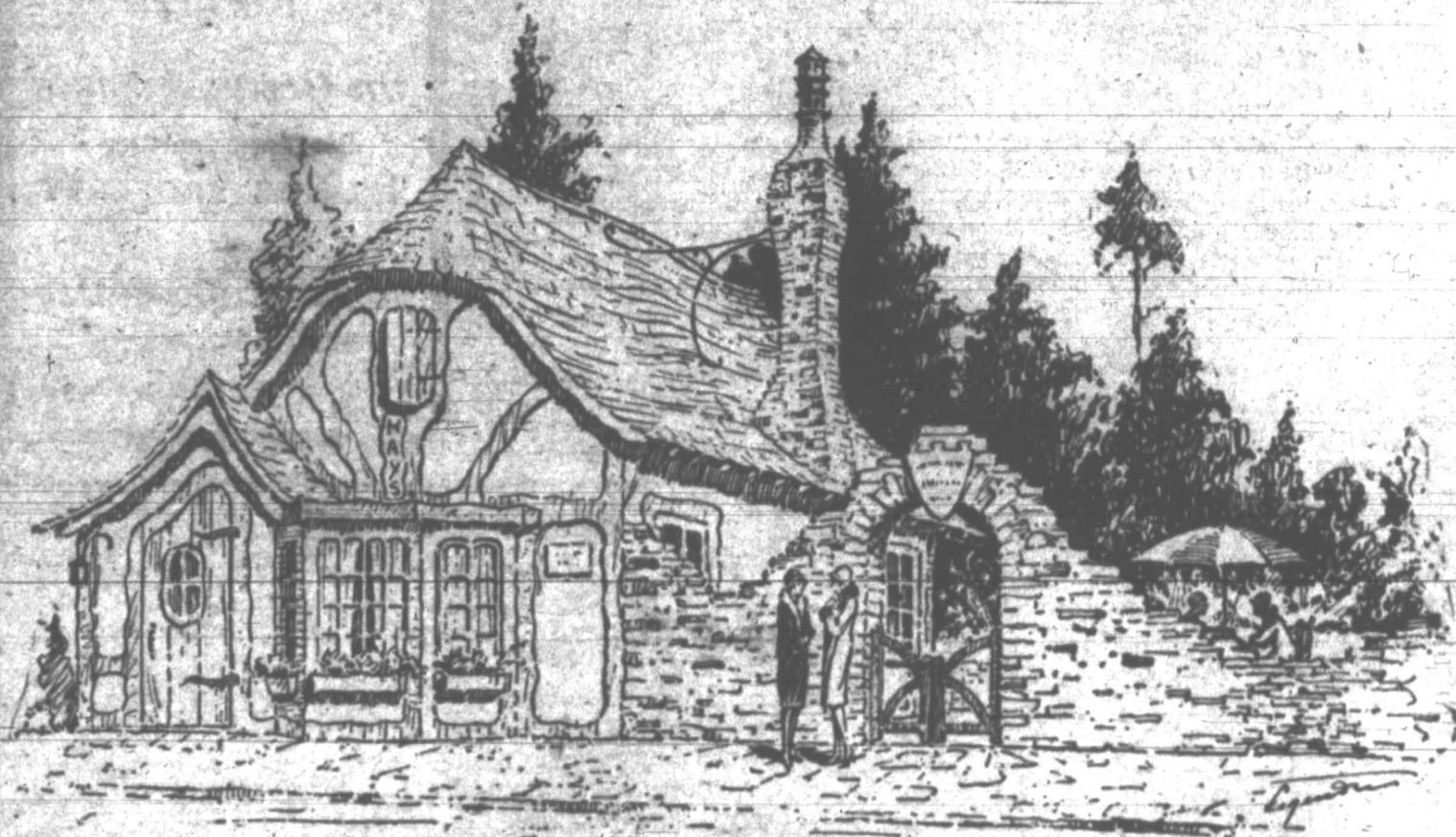
"Because Carmel is more adaptable to the newer architectural note, and mainly because Carmel is positively opposed to commercial tendencies and the over-improvement trend of most of the smaller California cities, my wife and I plan gradually to transfer all our building interests to that community." This statement was made by Pedro L. Lemos of Stanford University, who has recently purchased from R. J. DeYoe the property occupied by Kays, opposite the postoffice.

More artistic buildings for Dolores street, are planned by Lemos. The space adjoining Kays, which will become known as the Early Bird, is to be filled with unique, rambling shops and studios, reminiscent of the artistic medieval shops that linger here and there in old world cities. Lemos, who recently conducted a tour for thirty teachers of art through Europe, studying arts and crafts, brought back a collection of iron work, tiles and carvings that will be incorporated in the Dolores street building group.

Lemos has wide fame for his planning and building of artistic places. The Christian Science Monitor, California Architect, Everyday Art Magazine, School Arts Magazine, and San Francisco Chronicle have all had articles and illustrations of the Lemos Studio Court, on Ramona street in Palo Alto. Another magazine will have in its May issue two pages in color showing the Lemos buildings.

Besides the Dolores property, Lemos has purchased and plans business development on Monte Verde street near Ocean avenue, on Casanova and Seventh, where his first studio has already been built; and another group of lots on Casanova and Eleventh, that will be held for later building plans.

Of Carmel, he says, "The town is going to reap even bigger returns if it retains its individuality and keeps the commercialized ideas of those who come into Carmel—because of its ideal conditions—from ruining the very thing that has attracted them." And again, "Keep Carmel natural and unveneered."



Building on Dolores street recently purchased by Pedro Lemos, first unit of art shops.

Visual Education Is Object Of Organization

Of nation wide importance is the announcement of the organization of The Visual Education Foundation, with its plans made for gathering from all parts of the world the negatives and films that have educational value, and centering a supply depot for the distribution of this material to scientists, schools and colleges, and for every educational purpose.

A report signed by George E. Stone, organizing trustee, whose home is at the Highlands, states that all legal details have been completed to the actual application for a charter. The project has been outlined to the Secretary of State, a few minor changes have been made at his suggestion which more clearly define the powers of the Foundation, and the Secretary of State has signed a letter stating that the project seems to be fully sanctioned under the law, and that upon application, a charter will immediately be granted the corporation.

The plans of the Foundation cover the whole field of visual education in the United States, and the organization will acquire a comprehensive set of negatives of educational importance, which will be catalogued and indexed, and a complete line of prints made available for study by the public. Moving picture films, slides for stereopticons, photographic prints will be loaned, or rented, or sold—depending on the nature of the need—to anyone desirous of visual knowledge of the subject. All not previously derived from sales or rentals will be placed in a trust fund for

the sole purpose of furthering the work of the organization. As funds warrant, additional negatives will be made and educational motion pictures produced and distributed.

This program, when fully in operation, will require an annual budget of not less than \$25,000. However, there is a tremendous amount of preliminary work which must be undertaken before these plans can be applied. Mailing lists must be compiled, sources of photographs located, and an extensive correspondence undertaken.

The trustees of the Foundation are the following:

Karl F. Adams, Supt. of Schools, Santa Cruz, California.

William Frederic Bade, Dean and Professor of Old Testament Literature, Pacific School of Religion.

Walter M. Dickie, Secretary and Executive Officer, California State Board of Health.

Percy E. Davidson, Associate Prof. of Education, Stanford University.

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William B. Herms, Professor of Parasitology, Univ. of California.

David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of Stanford University.

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Frederick W. H. Meyer, The California School of Arts and Crafts.

Elizabeth McManus, Chairman, The Probation Committee of Los Angeles Co.

Stephen T. Maher, Director of National Parks, Washington, D.C.
Perry Newberry, Editor, Carmel-by-the-Sea, California.

Aurelia H. Reinhardt, President of Mills College, California.

Chester Rowell, Publicist.

Herman Spoehr, Biochemist, Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Robert G. Sprout, Comptroller and Vice President of the University of California.

George E. Stone, Producer of Educational Motion Pictures, Lantern Slides, etc.

Frederic L. Wheeler, Manager, Shreve Treat and Eacret, San Francisco.

H. B. Wilson, Supt. of Schools, Berkeley, Calif.

Will C. Wood, State Banking Commissioner.

Speaks To Point; It Is Discipline

By M. F. Grant

Last Saturday night at the Sunset School Auditorium, Mrs. Reinhardt made an arresting speech on education in general, and for young children and for parents in particular.

Mrs. Reinhardt is exceptionally interesting in her manner of approach. She deals with the subject in hand on apparently general grounds, at the same time she contrives to convince her audience that she has some definite dictum in view. Interest and anticipation are intensely aroused and as her devious lines of argument are followed, one is filled with an admiring satisfaction at the way she invariably returns to the point and makes it.

Her voice is flexible and her humor both subtle and mordant. Frankly, I am sorry more Carmelites did not come to hear her, because however tall and brown

the subject may appear, she has the art, to make it interesting.

She explained some of the reasons why, educational authorities were now compelled to take a more intensive supervision of the child of all ages and every age. The predominant fact was, that from being chiefly composed of agricultural communities, wherein the focus, is always the home, the United States is now changing into industrial centres, where the focus is the factory and the shop.

The result naturally follows. Parents are no longer, able to give that infinite and careful attention to their children which is so necessary to their well-being. To justify this statement, she illustrated conditions in the cities and industrial centres.

Taking the subject of adult education, she cited the efforts made in England, by the Oxford movement and the night schools, where men and women who had worked hard all day long in factory and shop could be seen studying the classics and philosophy. This movement is now being emulated in America. But—the kernel of her message, on the advertised subject of her address on "Parental Education," was, the one word—discipline.

Discipline of character, of habits and of order, to begin from the earliest years and to continue to the last days of a life. Brilliant adroit and witty.

Ye Salutaris O! Mme. Reinhardt.

JORDAN PRESIDENT

The Forest Theatre Board met last Tuesday afternoon in the Antique Room of the Seven Arts. John B. Jordan was elected president for the coming season. The remainder of the time was spent in discussing ways and means of improving the Forest Theatre.

All Is Discovered, Fly At Once

There have been blanched cheeks and quivering nerves this week in Carmel. Here and there, among business men and writers and artists of note, a pause has come in the normal round of activities, when from a modest envelope taken at the postoffice, has issued the curt command:

"Appear before me at Pine Inn between the hours of nine a.m. and four p.m. on"—such a day of the week and month—"bringing books of accounts, vouchers and papers that may assist in a review of your Federal Income Tax Return of the year—" 1924 or 1925, as the case appears.

This order, signed by a special investigator of the U. S. Government, startled many Carmelites as much as the celebrated telegram, "All is discovered. Fly at once," did the victims of that hoax. Only this was no hoax. If the party upon whom the mandate fell got off with only a small check drawn to balance the difference in taxes as he saw his income and as the inspector figured it, he came away smiling and content. Some paid Uncle Sam hundreds of dollars more for "dead horse" taxes. One paid thousands.

Nor is the inquest yet over. Commands are still being dropped into the slot at the post office, are being shuffled into boxes, are being taken out by hands that tremble as eyes scan the sheet. Only editors fear nothing, having nothing—nothing to fear.

The Carmel Fire Department held a Pedro Tournament at the Fireman's Quarters on San Carlos street last Monday evening. Louis Hodges captured first prize with the high score of 192.

President Of Woman's Club Announces Summer Plan

Announcement of plans for holding the Carmel Institute of World Affairs, with speakers of international repute discussing subjects in which the people of America are vitally interested, was made by Mrs. Mary Wellington Gale, president of the Carmel Woman's club, in an address which formed one of the outstanding features of Saturday's convention of the county federation of women's clubs, held in this city.

Mrs. Gale, who is chairman of the committee in charge of the institute, spoke, in part, as follows:

"The Carmel Institute of World Affairs, to be held next June under the auspices of The Carmel Woman's club, has been spoken of as the outstanding event of the summer for the Monterey Peninsula. As a matter of fact, it is of much greater importance and much wider concern, for its program will consist of subjects of international interest which will be discussed by speakers of international reputation, and its audience through the press will be nationwide.

"The economic expansion of the United States, the enormous export of capital in private and government loans, which has placed us in the position of the chief creditor nation of the world, has brought about a condition which we see reflected in the fact that news of a revolution in Nicaragua or the decline of the franc affects the quotations on the New York, Chicago, or San Francisco exchange as quickly and as vitally as a change announced in any of our great industrial corporations. In a word, though we are isolated geographically from the rest of the world, we are beginning to realize that we are a part of the same economic structure, and that our interests are all inextricably bound together.

"This is the reason why world affairs which, twenty, even fifteen years ago, were considered of interest only to statesmen, financiers, college professors and the so-called intellectuals, are of vital and personal concern to people of all classes and interests in the country today.

"This interest is shown in the increasing demand for authentic information on international affairs which has resulted in the institution all over the country of such Schools of Politics, or Institutes of Foreign Affairs, as the one we are to have in Carmel. The first school to gain international importance was the Institute of Politics in Williamstown, Massachusetts, held every summer under the auspices of Williams College, with sessions extending over several weeks. The need in winter was met by the Massachusetts League of Women Voters who, five years ago, started a School of Politics to which Radcliffe College, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, acts as hostess. It has a three day session which is attended by men and women from all the surrounding states and draws its speakers from the local colleges. The Carmel Institute will be patterned after this organization.

"The past two years has seen programs similar to those of these two outstanding schools presented to local audiences by clubs and organizations in practically all of the important cities of the United States. We had two such sessions this past winter, one in Los Angeles and one in San Francisco.

"But the first attempt at anything of a larger scope in the west was made last December in the calling of the Riverside Institute of Foreign Affairs, a seven day session presided over by President Rudolph Bernard von Klein Schmidt of the University of Southern California. The success of this gathering, which is to be an annual affair, shows the interest of the west coast in the subject.

"The Carmel Institute of World

Affairs is designed to complement rather than to compete with the Riverside Institute. The field is large and the interest sufficient to warrant at least two such gatherings annually, the Riverside Institute meeting the need in winter while the Carmel Institute provides for the summer audience and comes at a time when the people are free to attend and when speakers from the east who are teaching at the summer sessions of the western Universities are available.

"The Institute will hold a three day session with speakers of international reputation to be drawn from the most part from the summer faculties of the California universities. The program which is in process of preparation will be submitted to a committee made up of men and women of eminence and authority in international affairs, chosen from the whole country, for their endorsement and support and for recommendations of speakers. Invitations will be sent to organizations on the coast interested in international subjects to send special delegates to take part in round table discussions which will be a feature in each day's program. The meetings will be open to the public in payment of a small fee and it is expected that a large audience will avail itself of the opportunity to attend. Arrangements will be made with the hotels to care for the out of town visitors.

"Carmel, which is the summer playground of California seems ideally suited to be host for such a meeting, with its delightful environment as a place of resort, its ample accommodations for guests, its intellectual background and its possession of a woman's club strong enough to swing such an undertaking. Already, although no publicity has been given to it outside of the Peninsula papers, we are receiving interested inquiries from people from different parts of the state while the men and women of influence on the Peninsula itself have come forward with their heartiest endorsement and support.

"As has been said, the Carmel Institute of World Affairs will be the outstanding event of the Monterey Peninsula this coming summer—and a great deal more!

In closing, Mrs. Gale expressed her pleasure in having had the opportunity to make the first public announcement of the Institute to the Monterey County Federation of Women's Clubs.

Cabin Homesites In Beauty Spot

Again will sound the call of the wild, when shortly there is placed on the market and offered for sale the beauty of winding river with its shady banks, the lure of nature in its simplicity, and the camping or cabin sites of the Laureles Outing club, where used to be the Thomas ranch.

This is the latest subdivision in Carmel's suburbs; and, perhaps, the most interesting. Situated between the valley road and the river, with easy and direct accessibility over the best stretch of the road, at a point that is less than eight miles from Carmel, this subdivision will be for the many who seek an inexpensive site for a simple camp cabin on Carmel River.

It lies attractively on the north bank of the river where the valley is broad and lightly wooded and permits of a lay-out that affords ample space for cabin sites with plenty of spare land for roads, open spaces and playing grounds.

The lay-out has been prepared by Cozzens & Davies, civil engineers and surveyors of Salinas, who have

taken the fullest advantage of the site and combined the attractions of river front with the shelter and charm of the large grove of willows, alders, sycamores and laurels that go conspicuously mark this spot from other parts of Carmel Valley. A smooth, gravelled circular drive surrounds the main group of sites which is opened up by two shady lanes intersecting in a large center circle.

The too common crowding of cabins in uninteresting rows has by this method of lay-out been avoided. There will be charm about this little community, which will increase with every new cabin erected. Shady bowers of rest and ease will be the key note of the camp because the whole of it will be hidden in the glorious light foliage of the trees—not the dim dark shelter that pine woods give, but the cool, airy shade of willows and tall alders.

And instead of the usual tiny lots, the cabin sites will average a quarter acre and can be bought, as lots were once bought in Carmel, for a price that takes us back to those old days of the search for the simple life. A new Carmel will come into being with the opening of this tract for here is the same opportunity that drew the original Carmel investors.

Another feature of the owners' plan that probably will find a hearty response on the part of buyers is the setting aside, on a liberal scale, of land for immediate free community use as playing grounds, camp-fire circle, and the like, with the intent that, when a sufficient number of lot owners shall get together and form a club, the lands so reserved for their use shall be transferred to them free and clear as club property to develop and use as they shall see fit.

Plenty of room to hide away and rest, and ample opportunity to enjoy the sporting life will be found. In all, the subdivision contains about seventy acres, a very large part of which is open, usable land.

A short delay for the filing of maps and other preliminaries will be necessitated, but the property is now open for inspection. Hogle and Mawdsley, the realtors of Carmel, will handle the subdivision.

RAIN, RAIN, GO AWAY

J. Pluvius at bat, and the Abalone League laid off again last Sunday. High Line, Coast Line and Main Line were all drenched and being more so. As this is written, the indications for games next Sunday are desperately bad. If the sun gets better, and does its stuff, the schedule arranged for two weeks ago will be played.

The standings and schedule for Sunday:

Coast Line (The Point)		W L	
Tigers, George Ball	2	1
Pirates, Fred Godwin	2	1
Reds, Frenchy Murphy	1	2
Giants, Charlie Van Riper	1	2
Sunday at 2:15 Pirates vs. Reds,			
at 3:30 Giants vs. Tigers.			
High Line (Hatton Fields)		W L	
Eskimos, Charlie Frost	3	0
Cowboys, Jo Mora	1	2
Shamrocks, By Ford	2	1
White Sox, Don Hale	0	3
Sunday at 2:15, Eskimos vs. Shamrocks; at 3:30 Cowboys vs. Sox.			

The Main Line circuit is a week behind the other two in its schedule. Its clubs now stand:

Main Line (Point and Hatton Fields)		W L	
Crescents, Frank Murphy	2	0
Sharks, Woody Roundtree	2	1
Hawks, Jess Nichols	1	1
Rangers, Carlisle Stoney	0	2
Sunday, 1 o'clock at Hatton			

Fields: Crescents vs. Sharks, 1 o'clock at the Point; Hawks vs. Rangers.

NEW MUSIC ROOM AT PALACE DRUG STORE

No longer is the youth of Carmel obliged to drive over the hill each time it desires the latest in jazz. For the Palace Drug Company has installed a perfect peach of a music department and carries the same line that is sold by her big sister in Monterey.

There are records by Gene Austin and Nick Lucas, whose crooning voices bring thrills to the hearts of listening flappers; the world famed orchestras of Paul Whiteman, Vincent Lopez and Ted Lewis play gorgeous syncopation for those who dance; there is the Victor Salon Orchestra for lovers of the dreamy waltz and Kreisler for worshippers of the golden threaded violin.

The department carries not only the newest in records, but has all manner of machines upon which to play them, including the Brunswick Panatone and the popular Victor

Orthophonic. Also there are grand pianos, all sorts of stringed instruments and the latest sheet music and player rolls.

Miss Katherine Lial, well known Carmel girl, lends her excellent management to the new department.

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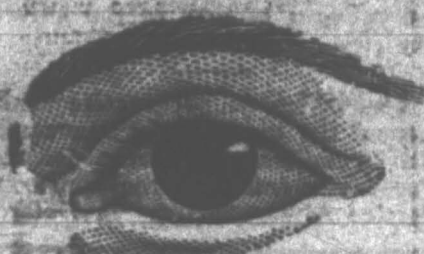
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COURT OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

County Charter Has Strenuous Week

The proposal for a new charter in Monterey county has had a strenuous week, and last night faced its most severe test, the meeting at Salinas, where various organizations sent delegates to a postponed session that either endorsed, denied, or did nothing. The Pine Cone will be off the press before the meeting begins.

In Carmel, two mass meetings, called by the Womens Club, listened to arguments mostly in favor of a new charter, and of a county manager form of new charter. Endorsement of the movement here is practically unanimous, and becomes more interested and active as this method of home-rule is explained. It was at the Thursday night, a week ago, session of the Civic Forum, that Prof. Edwin Cottrell, of the political science department of Stanford University, and an authority on municipal government, was discovered and spoke briefly but pointedly on the subject.

Professor Cottrell, whose presence at the meeting was a complete surprise to the others and was, he explained, occasioned entirely by his interest in the general subject, presented a brief but and municipal government in the United States, reaching the conclusion that what he characterized as "Home Rule government" for counties, with executive authority centered in a trained specialist as comprehensive survey of county county manager, offered opportunity for the better application of sound business methods to public affairs, and assured a more efficient administration of county business in every respect.

In answer to possible objections Professor Cottrell showed that the area of Monterey county is not much greater than that of Cleveland, Ohio, while the property valuation is actually less, and the annual budget of county expenditures is probably far below that of the city, which has operated successfully for some time under the city manager system.

"I hope to see the movement succeed," Professor Cottrell said. "The only opposition will be on the part of the entrenched political interests, and they will weaken when they realize that removal of department heads has rarely occurred after such a change, and then only where gross failure to function has made it imperative."

Attorney Campbell reviewed the progress of the movement thus far and then touched upon some of the

most salient features of the proposed plan. Initiated by the American Legion of the county two years ago, he said, the movement has resulted in a thorough study of Monterey county governmental problems and has led to a belief that a charter, with county manager, offers the best hope of their solution.

Election of supervisors at large, instead of by districts, and restriction of their powers to the legislative sphere, to formulate general policies for the guidance of the county manager, with the latter attending to all details, including the appointment of department heads, form the essential features of the plan, Campbell explained.

Monterey peninsula, with 45 per cent of the registered voters and nearly half of the property valuation in the county, has but one representative on the board of supervisors," the speaker pointed out. "Election at large would correct this, insuring representation more nearly according to population."

Relieving the supervisors of detailed responsibility and removing their salary would at the same time make the position attractive to men of large and successful business interests, a high type of individual, and also eliminate any actuated by mercenary motives. The county manager would have to be a trained man, either with special training or a successful record of experience as a city manager or assistant, if the provisions of the Monterey city charter are followed, and their soundness has been shown in practice. This has the effect of eliminating all local job-seekers.

In passing, Mr. Campbell paid tribute to the present Monterey city government as "the best since the town was incorporated."

In reply to questions Mr. Campbell stated that, so far as taxes were to be affected, the cost of government would either be less for the same service or the service be better for the same money; that petitions signed by 15 per cent of the registered voters could bring about a special election of freeholders to frame a charter, which would be ratified by the state legislature two years hence, allowing ample time to prepare for the change; that two such boards might be nominated, one for the charter only and the other for the charter with county manager, to allow a choice by the voters; that the change would in no way affect the operation of the state laws governing schools, although the charter would determine the mode of choosing the county school superintendent, whether by election, as at present or appointment, either by the supervisors or by the county manager.

Perry Newberry cited the experience of San Francisco in support of the charter plan, and others, including representatives of Pacific Grove and Monterey, as well as Carmel, likewise expressed themselves in favor.

The fact that Monterey county would be the first in the country to adopt the county manager plan was emphasized by both Miss Rosenkrans and Professor Cottrell as an added reason for taking the step, because it would mark this county as a national leader in the direction of government progress.

WOMANS CLUB HAS

CHARTER TALK

About twenty members of the Womens Club attended the meeting at Sunset school Wednesday afternoon to discuss the Charter form of government. Professor E. A. Cottrell, of Stanford University, was to speak on the subject but was unable to attend. Mrs. Mary Gail substituted, after holding a long distance telephone conversation with Professor Cottrell.

Following Mrs. Gail's talk the members present discussed the subject, but came to no decision, as the purpose of the meeting was solely to acquaint the people with

the principle of the Charter movement.

Delegates from the Womens Club attended the meeting in Salinas last evening.

SPRING FLOWERS

BLOOM IN SHOP

A glance into the Carmel Florist will reveal many beautiful flowers and ferns from the hot houses in San Francisco. The deep purple of violets, the baby faced pansies, the long and graceful stemmed lilies and the bright yellow daffodils would make the most stern-faced man for breath.

These flowers can be seen growing in great beds at the old Bloom-in-Basement gardens at the Highlands, which Mr. Edgerton has taken over and has five men working the soil and hot houses continually.

CARD PARTY TONIGHT

AT UNITY HALL

An interesting card party and generally pleasant evening is being given at the home of Mrs. Esther Teare, Ninth and Lincoln streets, at eight o'clock tonight for the benefit of the Unity Hall building fund. Everybody is invited, and those wishing to reserve tables for guests may telephone 385, and make arrangements.

Dainty refreshments will be served, and music will round out the pleasing affair.

ROBINS AND LARKS

PROVE VERY COSTLY

Justice of the Peace Ray Baugh, of Monterey, is a great admirer of the wild life of California, and particularly of the non-game birds which comprise a large portion of the same. Consequently he felt that a fine of \$100 was about right to assess a party recently brought before him on the charge of slaying six robins, one lark and one killdeer. The violator pleaded guilty and was given 10 days in which to raise the amount of the fine. Warden Fred Post, of Salinas, made the arrest.

ARCHDEACON PORTER

COMES TO CARMEL

The Venerable A. W. Noel Porter, Ph. D., Archdeacon of the diocese of California, will visit Carmel, preaching at All Saints church on Sunday at 11 o'clock.

Mr. Porter arrived in Carmel yesterday and spent the day in consultation with the Rector, Reverend A. B. Chinn and with the vestry.

Last evening there was a special conference with the Rector and Vestry at the home of W. J. Kingsland, a member of the Vestry.

On Sunday evening at 7:30 the Archdeacon will preach in St. James church in Monterey and on Monday will meet several groups of that parish.

The dinner given by the ladies of the Methodist church on Tuesday evening last was quite largely attended. A splendid dinner was served, after which the Rev. I. M. Terwilliger entertained the guests with origin stories.

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Village News Reel

A compound dinner and dance were given in a progressive fashion, by Miss Mary Wheldon and Miss Virginia Rockwell on Saturday evening at their respective homes in Carmel. Those present were: Bill Lewis, Roy and Henry Trotter, Maurice Stoney, Gordon Campbell, Jean McCarthy, Mary Ingels, Evelyn Zaches, Virginia Rockwell and Mary Wheldon.

Mrs. O. J. Cope was hostess at a bridge tea given last Thursday at her home on Monte Verde. The guests were Mrs. Hilda Argo, Mrs. Paul Whitman, Mrs. Madeline Rountree, Mrs. Jack Orcutt, Mrs. Marion Todd, Mrs. Bob Stanton and the Misses Ernestine Renzel, Jean Stewart and Peggy Palmer. Mrs. Cope, whose marriage was an event of last month, was Vivienne Force of San Jose.

A happy crowd of children from All Saints Sunday school, of which Miss Kitty Smit is the teacher, gathered at the rectory on Monte Verde street last Monday evening for a valentine party and to celebrate the birthday of the rector, Rev. Austin B. Chinn. The evening was devoted to playing games and giving recitations, following which refreshments of ice cream and cake were enjoyed.

The beautiful new residence for Mr. Novice Boomhauer, rug manufacturer of New York City, now under construction at Pebble Beach has one feature of unusual interest, two special rooms, in which will be laced the hunting trophies secured by Mr. Boomhauer on his hunting trips through the American continent.

Georgia Sally White, of Berkeley, was the week end guest of Florence Thornton.

Word has been received from Grace Wickham, puppeteer of the Perry Dilly company, that a months tour will be made through southern California, with a change of program at each place.

Marie Johnson has returned from a visit with friends in San Francisco over the week end.

Mrs. John B. Jordan entertained at a very delightful luncheon last Friday, in honor of Mrs. Charles J. Deering, of San Francisco. Those present were: Mrs. J. S. Snow, Mrs. Mary L. Hamlin, Mrs. Good Wood, Mrs. K. Gere, Mrs. Arnold Needham, Mrs. A. McReavy, Mrs. A. L. Bevan and Mrs. Austin Chinn.

Miss Miriam Arnold White was the hostess on Saturday evening to a group of friends at a very delightful supper party, in honor of Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, noted lecturer, and President of Mills College, of which Miss White is a graduate.

Dr. Florence Belknap had as guests over this week end, her sister and nephew, Mrs. P. B. Angerow and son Forrest, of San Jose.

Mrs. Gertrude Lee Nelson, writer and lecturer, aunt of Mrs. Guy O. Koepf, will on March 7, speak at the Century club in San Francisco. Her subjects will be "Finding Youth" and "The Movies."

Miss Pauline Newman entertained at an informal supper party at her home on last evening. The invited guests were Anne Nash, Dorothy Bassett, Mary and Elsie Ingles, Florence Thornton and Miriam Arnold White.

The second of the series of dances to be given under the auspices of the Carmel P. T. A. will take place at Sunset school auditorium next Saturday evening.

Mrs. Kate Richmond and a party of friends from Berkeley occupied

the Smith cottage in North Carmel over the week end.

The Misses Margaret and Frances Burpee entertained the Girl Scouts of Carmel at their home in the Eighty Acres on Wednesday evening. After dinner the girls danced and enjoyed a social good time. Those who enjoyed the Burpees' hospitality were: The Misses Mary Wheldon, Virginia Rockwell, Katherine Tenney, Dolly Tenney, Jane Lawler, Lois Love, Cary Jones, Mildred Pierson, Frances Benson, Helen Turner and Mary Douglas.

Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Reynolds and Margaret Reynolds of Carmel have motored to Palo Alto to spend the week end with friends.

I. Maynard Curtis returned last Saturday to Carmel from Pasadena where for the last few weeks she has been making an exhibit of some of her pictures.

Reynolds Rockwell and Lieutenant Fitzgerald were in Los Angeles this week on a pleasure trip.

J. C. Javel, passenger agent of the Great Northern, J. H. Converse, freight agent of the Denver and Rio Grande, and George A. Sorrell, freight agent of the Great Northern were Carmel visitors on Wednesday afternoon. They were guests of B. F. Wright of the Palace Drug company.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Matteson, from Berkeley, are spending the winter in Carmel and have taken the Prof. H. D. Grey cottage on Carmelo near Ninth street.

Ray C. DeVoe, Carmel realtor, has returned from a business trip to San Francisco.

Calvin C. Hogle of the Hogle and Mawdsley Real Estate company, motored to San Francisco recently on a business trip.

Mrs. O. J. Cope motored to San Jose Wednesday to spend a few days with her family. Before her marriage last month, Mrs. Cope was Miss Vivienne Force of San Jose.

Mrs. Norman Stewart was hostess at a large tea given last Friday at her home in Pebble Beach, complimentary to relatives from Scotland.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stanton left Saturday morning for a short motor trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold K. Busey and daughter Madeline have returned from a week's visit with relatives in Bakersfield.

Mrs. Constance Lowell is back at her home on Sixth and Mission for the summer. Mrs. Lowell lives part of the time in Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Braden from Hollister, spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Whitney.

Anita Reiners and her mother from Fresno are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Neb Lewis for a few days. Miss Reiners is a frequent visitor of the Lewis's.

Ray C. DeVoe, with his mother, Mrs. Rose DeVoe, are visiting in Modesto.

Misses Margaret and Frances Burpee have purchased property on the Point and expect to begin building a palatial residence within the next few weeks.

Miss Bea Rex and Mr. Paul Jordan of San Jose, are house guests

of Miss Jean Stewart at Pebble Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ede, Jr., with a party of friends, occupied the Mary May house over the holidays this week end.

Miss Agnes Boyle, San Francisco librarian, was a visitor here last week end.

Mrs. Grace Wickham, after a severe illness of two weeks, is back at her duties in the postoffice.

Dr. Charles P. Gardner, chaplain of Stanford University, is in Carmel over the holiday at his studio on Santa Lucia street.

Miss Gladys Van der Roest, who has been visiting in New York, is again back at her home in Carmel.

Raymond Wardall, attorney of Seattle, and his wife were guests of the Thomas Vincent Catons this week end. They are just back from Australia.

Miss Margaret Burpee spent the week end visiting college friends at Palo Alto.

Dr. Lucia Lane, a former resident of Carmel and one of its pioneers, is visiting here again, and has taken a cottage for several months. She has many friends in Carmel.

Mrs. George Shanks, who has been living since last September in the Cross Trail cottage, left Saturday for Palo Alto, taking her small daughter to the hospital there.

Miss Henrietta Farley has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Farley, over the week end. Miss Farley attends Mrs. Harkin's school at Palo Alto, the city of The Tall Pine.

Mrs. Jennie Coleman has returned from a visit of a month or more with friends in Los Angeles and vicinity.

Evan Wild was down from Stanford University for the week end, on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Wild.

"The Swan" was produced at Stanford University last week by Gordon Davis, director of dramatics. Davis is a frequent visitor at Carmel.

Mrs. C. Halstead Yates, of the Game Cock, is spending a few days in San Francisco.

Mrs. John L. Williams is back from San Francisco, where she has been visiting friends the past week.

Mrs. Betty Tisdale, and her daughter,

after, Mrs. Morehouse, are Carmel visitors.

Lucia Shepardson, the writer, has a book just off the press, entitled, "California as 'Is.'" Carmel has a considerable space in it.

Professor Edward P. Van Duzee of San Francisco has spent the past week in Carmel. Professor Van Duzee is Curator of the Department of Entomology in the California Academy of Sciences.

Charles K. Benedict of Stanford University, spent last week end with Professor and Mrs. E. A. Cottrell, who are occupying the Benedict cottage on Scenic Drive.

Jack Williamson, former Carmelite and builder of "Top o the World," is now a member of the staff of the Oakland Tribune.

Miss Mildred Ollason returned to Berkeley last night after an enjoyable vacation with her parents at their ranch in Carmel Valley. Miss Ollason is taking a secretarial

course at the University of California and is also taking art at one of the colleges of arts in the university city.

Ten tables of progressive whist formed the diversion of Manzanita club members and their friends, Tuesday evening, at the club's attractive new quarters in Dolores

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street. Sandwiches, home-made cake and coffee were served, after which dancing was enjoyed, with radio music. Prizes were awarded to the following players: Mrs. Jack Belvill, Mrs. A. H. Holm, I. O. Taylor and Thomas Lisk.

The dinner dance at the Monterey Peninsula County club, on the eve of Washington's birthday, was attended by about 150 people. The location of the Country club is exceedingly beautiful and the interior is especially adapted to evening entertainments. Among those attending were Miss Jane Stewart of Pebble Beach, who entertained a party of 14; Mr. and Mrs. L. C. White, Mr. and Mrs. M. Spazier, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Henry, of Pacific Grove; Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Price of Pacific Grove; Mrs. Louis Rudolph of Pacific Grove was hostess to a party of 10; Miss Anita Dond of Monterey entertained 14 guests. Another party included Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Metz of Monterey, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Smith of San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. L. Sutter of San Francisco; Captain and Mrs. Samuel S. Ware of the Presidio of Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris of Monterey had at their table Dr. and Mrs. Harry Brownell of Monterey and Mr. and Mrs. N. Campbell of Sydney, Australia. Mr. Fred Godwin of Carmel entertained a party of five; Mrs. A. C. Hughes of Salinas had eight guests; Mrs. Jack Schroeder of Pacific Grove included six guests in her party. Mr. and Mrs. James Harnett, Mr. Elmer Zanetta, Mrs. Neva Smythe, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur G. Winston, of Monterey, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Ferguson of Carmel, formed another party. Mrs. Jack Beaumont was hostess to eight couples attending were Mr. and Mrs. Kay Hovden of Pacific Grove, Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford of Pebble Beach, Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Short of Carmel.

Miss Jean Stewart was hostess at a dinner party Monday evening at the Monterey Peninsula Country club, in honor of Miss Stewart's cousins, Miss Helen Stewart and Miss Helen Pearson, of Buckinghamshire, Scotland. The guests were the Misses Bee Res, Marion Sturgis, Geneva Christmas, Sue Davis and Anita Reiners, and Messrs. Frank Murphy, Billy Hudson, Lorry Dorey, Fred Godwin, Paul Jordan and James Doud.

Miss Blanche Tolmie, well known in Carmel, pleased her audience of radio fans, when she sang two song numbers over Radio Station KGO of Oakland on Monday last. The program was sponsored by Alameda County Federation of Women's Clubs.

Edmund McGuckin of Oakland is the guest of his mother and brother for two weeks.

Charles McH. Purdy, the novelist, taken suddenly with a breakdown from overwork, left last night for Tucson, Arizona, from whence he will go into the desert to recuperate.

Miss Ann Haddon, Monterey County Librarian, and Miss Van Cleve, of Chicago, spent last week end in Carmel. Miss Van Cleve left Wednesday for Berkeley where she gave several lectures on Children's Library Work.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Tishnar of San Francisco spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Frank at their home "Oak-Haven" on the Del Mone road.

There were many radio parties sitting in on President Coolidge's

speech on George Washington last Tuesday. Unselfishly, those who had radio sets sent out invitations to neighbors less or more fortunate, and living rooms were filled with guests as the President spoke his message.

SUNSET SCHOOL NOTES

Friday afternoon, Feb. 11, the Sunset School gave a program in the school auditorium in honor of Abraham Lincoln's birthday. The program consisted of appropriate songs, plays, compositions, and recitations. There were three short plays given by the different classes. The last play, which was given by some of the sixth grade boys and girls, was very good.

The subject of the play was, "On a Plantation in 1863."

The boys and girls gave the songs and dances so well, that we almost thought they were real colored children of Lincoln's time.

Friday morning, Feb. 13, at eleven o'clock, the Sunset school was fortunate enough to have a trio play for them. The trio was made up of Mrs. Easton, violin, Mr. Easton 'cello, and Mr. Alberto, piano.

The six numbers played were as follows:

Gavotte J. M. LeClair
At Evening Johannes Pache
Hungarian Dance in D. Major

Traumerel J. Brahms
Moment Musical F. Schubert
Negro Serenade Leichter

The program was greatly enjoyed by all, and we hope they will play for us again very soon.

Nadine Fox, a pupil of the seventh grade, is absent from school, with a severe case of poison oak.

Mr. and Mrs. David Ball have broken the ground for their new home in Hatton Fields.

Mrs. Helen Cooke Wilson is in Carmel on a visit to her sister, Miss Katherine Cooke. She has been living in Hollywood.

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The whole world is mad for higher education. The infection is spreading into Dogdom. This dog is of humble parents. They were mongrels. He is mongrel. But he has a steadfast ambition which places him above other mongrels. He is nameless, homeless but not purposeless. He isn't distinguished looking, he is just a cute little cur who did have a home, but gave it up and is supporting himself with the hungry look in his eyes. Having a home took up too much of the time that he needed for his education, so he left. Now his days are spent in the eighth grade room at Sunset School, listening dumbly to the lessons. He was denied the gift of speech, but so much the better for his education. He attracts little attention because he just sits in a corner until the bell rings then he marches out with the rest, and returns with them to continue study after recess. He is one of the class and is treated as such because he has learned school-room behavior better than some students.

On the streets he ignores any grown-up, but children are his friends. They share their lunches with him. Educationally they are his equals. It will be interesting to watch his progress. I would feel favored to be on speaking terms with that dog if he ever gets enough education to consider himself on a par with grown people.

AND THE WORLD GOES BY

Surely Ocean Avenue is the Constantinople of California.

Stand in front of Whitney's or Bob Stanton's for an hour and you will see half the world go by; or drop in for a shine at the little stand between Glassell's and the barber shop. Walker gives the best shoe polish in the country, and he's an all around Baedeker when it comes to information regarding the passersby.

Who's that? you query, as a large grey limousine drives down the street with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel and a handsome, middle aged woman in the tonneau.

Walker hastily scrutinizes the motor and its occupant.

That, he informs you, in Annie Laurie. She's one of the highest paid newspaper women in the world.

And that little black eyed girl in the blue sweater?

That's Joan Stafford, says Walker. She writes poems that are often run in the Pine Cone.

So they come and go—up and down Ocean Avenue.

Fred Bechdoit, whose name appears regularly in Cosmopolitan; Adriana Spadoni, who writes for Sunset and innumerable other magazines; Martin Merle the playwright; David Alberto, concert pianist; Mrs. Botke, painter of birds; and Silver, painter of Dreams.

Artists and writers who have been to the ends of the earth, but who somehow return always to Carmel.

Folks with a hurried, restless step and folks pursuing a leisurely way toward nowhere at all. Curious, wholesome appearing tourists;

people with the traveled, moneyed air and people light hearted and shabby.

The sort you may see eating hot dogs on the board walk at Santa Cruz or cranking ramshackle Ford in some highway auto camp; and the sort you may meet on top of Pike's Peak, or peering into the smoldering heart of Vesuvius, or having tea on the veranda of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo.

So they come and go—while the toes of your shoes are being polished into twin mirrors of reflection.

And who, you ask Walker, is the female giraffe in riding breeches?

Oh, says Walker with a grin she's on the Pine Cone, too. Wash Perry Newberry would raise her salary so's she could buy a horse.

Or a dress, you must absently. When a girl gets to her age—

CARMELITES SHOULD KNOW—

1. Who is Daniel G. McDougall?
2. What artist-author, well known around Carmel, is noted for his comic cartoons and Arizona desert paintings?

3. Where is the Butterfly Tree?

4. Who is Carmel's city clerk?

5. What is the name of Gus's horse?

6. Who organized the Carmel Woman's Club?

7. What well known playwright resides near Carmel?

8. Who is Mrs. J. K. Turner?

Mrs. L. J. Ball is at her home on Thirteenth and San Antonio visiting with her son, George Ball. Mrs. Ball is a matron at the College of the Pacific in Stockton.

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Me and Mencken

By Peggy Palmer

February 23.—Yesterday I was reading "Notes on Democracy," that's one of Mr. Mencken's best books, and my mother came in the library with her new hat on, that's the new hat papa promised her for Easter.

Then I happened to remember my mother was going to be chairman at the meeting of the International Relations Group, that's the progressive part of the Women's Club and they are studying the political question in Nickaragwa.

So I decided to go to the meeting because when a girl gets to be my age, she ought to be progressive, I mean she ought not to be totally ignorant about Nickaragwa.

When we got to the meeting everyone was waiting for us, on account Mrs. Lowell, that's the regular chairman, had to be in Los Angeles, and I really don't blame her much because it's awfully disturbing to be a chairman.

First my mother read a letter to the President and it said Dear Mr. Coolidge We, the Carmel Women's Club, wish to call your attention to the appalling situation in Nickaragwa and so fourth.

Then I made a line in my note book, that's the one I used to keep dates in, and as soon as I have a spare minut I am going to write to Mr. Coolidge about the appalling situation in Salinas or someplace. Because, while I should think Mr. Coolidge would really be annoyed to get letters about a foreign country like Nickaragwa, I guess he will be kwite intreeged to hear from a really intelligent girl.

Then the meeting came to order again and Mrs. Hopkins was supposed to read a paper, but Mrs. Hopkins had to be in Fresno and I really don't blame her much because it's awfully disturbing to read a paper.

So my mother read the paper and it was awfully kwite intreeging, I mean I always thought Nickaragwa was sort of a dum country, but it seems to be really fantastick and they have the queerest wether. For instance they have sighclones and hurricanes and catracks and most of the country is a vast jungle, so the people are lazy and undernourished.

Well the rest of the meeting was about the politicks of Nickaragwa and I didn't take down any notes because a really intelligent girl can remember things like that.

After the meeting we went home and my mother hid her new hat in the closet on top of the fruit-cake, because she wants to surprise papa on Easter, I guess papa will be surprised alright when he sees the bill.

So last night while we were eating dinner my father said, well, Margaret, tell me about Nickaragwa.

But I did not think Nickaragwa would interest my father very much because while he is really in the wholesale grocery business he awtully doesn't care about much but horses and anteecks.

So I pretended to choke on a piece of spinach and my father said Ha Ha, I'll bet you don't know anything about Nickaragwa. I'll bet you can't even tell me the name of the President.

And there were some more things I had to remember about the political question in Nickaragwa that I couldn't think of the President's name and my father laughed so hard

he got a pane in his side.

And when a girl is really intelligent something like that makes her very annoyed.

February 24.—Well, I think when a girl gets to be my age she really ought to be able to appreciate genuine anteecks when she sees one.

For instance we have a brass kettill and a spinning wheel that came over with the Pilgrims and also my father has a collection of horse prints and they are really awfully rare but I don't think so much of them because it is their fault that I am not getting any allowance just at present.

Last night while we were eating dinner my mother said, Well Walter, that's my father, I got a catalog from the White House and they are showing a lovely grand peeano and the best looking chesterfeeld.

Oh for goodness sake, Frances, said my father skowling, our rosewood melodian is worth ten grand peeanos and I guess I wouldn't trade a giraf.

Ant Peebie's walnut sets for all the theesevichs in the world.

Just the same, said my mother, you have to admit that we really need a new carpit in the living room (this is because Pearl, that's our colored maid, tried to polish the carpit instead of the floor). Now if you would condescend to sell those hideous old horse prints, why may we we could by that love, run down at Whitfens.

My word, said my father glaring, I guess you don't realize how valuable those horse prints are, Frances. I guess you haven't any conception of their value.

Lets change the subject, said my mother, which we did.

After dinner Mr. and Mrs. Fraser came over and asked my family to go to the Manzanita and see Mr. Mix so they went because my father is awtully fond of Mr. Mix's horse, that's Tony.

Then I went in the library and looked at the horse prints and really they are awfully quaint especially Smuggler, that's the funniest horse in the hole collection.

Smuggler has the queerest legs and his tale traies on the ground and really his neck is awtully like a giraf. Well I laughed at Smuggler magnifying glass and seemed aw-

for awhile and then I sat down and red Prejudices, that's one of Mr. Mencken's best volumes. And I had just reached the part where Mr. Mencken says criticism is plos pittle when the phone rang. So I had to answer it because Pearl was out with Diogenes Jones, that's her new hawk.

And it was Mr. Clarke, the antique man, and he wanted to talk to my father and just then I got a really brilliant idea.

Lissen Mr. Clarke, I said, papa's home but he said if you called up I should tell you about those horse prints. He wants to sell them.

So Mr. Clarke thought a minute and then he said he was afraid he couldn't use any of them except Smuggler but that he would give two hundred dollars for him. I guess Mr. Clarke must be a good anteeck man and I hate to see people cheated but a girl of my age has really got to be able to tell a good bargain when she sees it, so I said alright Mr. Clarke, if you will come over right away you can have Smuggler.

Well Mr. Clarke came right over and looked at Smuggler thru a magnifying glass and seemed aw-

fully pleased and just as he was taking down off the wall of course my father had to get home from the movies.

Well Walter, said Mr. Clarke, I'm glad you've decided to be sensible and sell this print. Such a rare thing has no right to be in a private collection.

What in hell do you mean, said my father and I don't know what he said next because I did not want to hear any more. It's really kwite serious when my father says a word like hell.

So I can't have any allowance for a month and naturally I am in what Mr. Mencken calls a somewhat sour and depressing mood.

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In Less Than Four Months This Winter

Nearly eighty acres of property at Los Ranchitos have been sold since last November, when the preliminary survey map was completed.

Surveying of the power line to Los Ranchitos has been completed and electric service will be rendered every homesite on or before May 1st.

Contract for installation of a modern water system, laid out by the Monterey County Water Works, has been signed, and water will be served all homesites on or before May 1st.

Eight "family orchards" have already been set out at Los Ranchitos; one large home is practically completed, another is under construction, plans for four more to be erected this Spring are being drawn.

This is an unusual record, but Los Ranchitos is a new conception in subdivisions, unlike any other ever developed in this part of California—offering a climate known for its hospitality and warmth in summer and winter, and yet only 11 miles from Carmel, thirty-five minutes from the golf links and Peninsula shops—carefully restricted and made up only of large parcels—a "countryside" development but affording modern conveniences—a place of quiet, peace and bounty in that part of the beautiful and intimate Carmel Valley best known for its friendly climate.

If the rains permit you a day out-of-doors on the fields (and really, rain is no drawback) you are cordially invited to visit Los Ranchitos and enjoy the wild flower show—for here in the warm air and in the friendly soil there are countless millions of wild flowers out to greet you. Only—please don't pull them up by the roots.

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Barber Shop Ballads

By Winsor Josselyn

"Saw a feller walkin' on the water in front of our beach yesterday," announced old Al, the barber shop informant.

The white-coated barber stopped work upon a loose door hinge and gave the bearded speaker a reproving look. But Al weathered it and nodded vigorously.

"Fact," he went on. "Was early in the morning, and I was out for a bit of air. No air like air at sunrise when the world's startin' out all new and fresh. I was walkin' along the beach, putting a brisk foot in front of the other and what did I see but a feller standin' up on the water about two stones' throws from shore."

The barber maintained his reproving look, but nevertheless he put down the screwdriver and listened.

"And then he begun to move. Begun to move like a man walkin' on snow shoes. And by golly if he didn't have things on his feet and he was walkin' along on top of that there kelp bed that grows just outside our beach beyond the breakers."

"Along he went, stopping now and then and dancin' up and down, and then trotting a while and turning around and coming back and doing it all over again. I guess right there he got all the Carmel hay speed records for himself, because I never heard of nobody even tryin' for 'em before."

Al leaned forward and lowered his voice.

"And then he started for shore. Come in kind of a curve. I see that was the way the kelp was growin' thickest, and he took the last few yards at a sprint and come in knee-deep in surf at the upper end of the beach."

"Course I was all burnt up to see who he was and how he done it, but do you know, that feller caught sight of me and disappeared on the run into the sand dunes?"

"I picked up his trail, but he was makin' better speed over the soft sand on them funny foot things than I could with shoes, and I lost him. And he didn't come back this morning, neither."

The old man's eyes were wide with the mystery of it all. The barber nodded an abrupt head, and

said he'd heard the blacksmith tell of how a stranger in town had had some ironwork done and was all mighty secretive about it, and no doubt it was the same man.

"Hope he don't die and never come back," said Al. "Or I hope somebody doesn't murder him for the patents. A thing like that would do a lot for this here town, after all the terrible things the newspapers have said about us. Here would be somethin' of real use to the world, to say nothin' of swell sport it would give. Can you imagine reading in headlines CARMEL KELP SHOES ASTONISH WORLD?"

"And say, that gives me an idea. This here Ladies' Club of town is all for improvin' things. Now, why can't they find out who this inventor is and get him to come out in the open and show everybody what we can do—what this Carmel town can produce?"

"And if these ladies done it, they could be the first Ladies' Club in the world to walk on water, and could hold their picnics, when the weather was nice, out there on the kelp beds. And they could trot around to Pacific Grove for meetings over there without all the fuss and bother that they get by automobile."

A solemn nod from the barber. The idea was big enough for even the Club to consider, along with petitions to the country's president.

"But there's one other terrible thought that may bust up the whole scheme," said Al darkly. "Our minister that's keepin' such an eagle eye on what we do may protest that walking on water is a sort of sacred activity and prevent 'em from doing it. And there's no tellin' what would happen if they just went ahead and did it anyhow."

So dour did the outlook appear that Al bent his head in gloomy contemplation and failed to see Charlie Van Riper pass by the doorway, and thus it was that the barber did not hear of how Charlie once held the hill climb record of Carmel. That record, Al might have added, was made by putting the nose of the Ford up a hillside where there was no road except on the map, and it undoubtedly stands as a record even until today.

out Alvarado street.

We had purchased a lot in Carmel-by-the-Sea ten days before, and were coming to build a house upon it, and reside in the house. This was an adventure, perhaps a reckless one, for it was based upon the sale of one book manuscript to a publisher whose appreciation of it had been better expressed in the letter of acceptance than the contract of sale. If that first book of mine sold twenty copies, or twenty thousand, I got two hundred and fifty dollars.

But the lot we had selected on Carmelo street, close to Twelfth, chosen because there was an uninterrupted view of the sea from "Cypress Point to Point Lobos, and two fine pines in the front yard, had cost us—so far—five dollars, and the next payment of five dollars was one year off. The Carmel Development Company, through Frank Devendorf its manager, had made the deal with us. We might have had two lots for ten dollars, but why become deeply involved financially, when we hadn't a neighbor to the north nearer than Eighth street, and the MacGowan-Cookes—we were glad we should be beside them; we didn't know them, but they were real authors, with many books and stories to their credit—were a block away to the south? We owned a half mile or more of land, just owning one dot, so why buy another?

But Manager Devendorf had said that, without charge for the option he would hold a second lot for us in case we wanted it later. We considered this very kind of him, even if we really had no use for it. I said to my wife at the time:

"Maybe he's glad to get another writer into Carmel," meaning me.

"Maybe he's glad to get another human being into town," she popped back cynically.

"Still we can't lose money on the property, with but five dollars invested," I quelled her doubts.

Devendorf had made that concession about not beginning the payments of five a month, and no interest on the deferred amount of two hundred and forty-five dollars, for a year, because I had promised to put a house on the lot. He wanted to see houses go up—even my house. I had told him that I had three hundred dollars to spend on it, and would do the work myself. But he didn't even ask if I had ever used a saw before. There were no building restrictions then.

"Right here," said Sam Powers—for we're back on the stage again—"is where you—" he looked around at me with a hard, gray eye, "get out and walk to the top of the hill. These hosses can pull me, the lady, the luggage, and Mrs. William's eight-pound roast of beef; but you have to walk."

"Very well," meekly, and I dropped to the road, ankle-deep in dust. No use arguing that I had paid to be carried to Carmel-by-the-Sea by stage. The crest of the rise was not more than a quarter of a mile ahead. I trudged it, beating the team that Sam breathed frequently. Over the ridge, he let me in again, clucked the horses into a down-grade trot, turned half around in his seat, and pointing with his whip, said, "See that bear over yonder?"

"Oh!" gasped my wife, but I knew there were no bears in the vicinity, and followed with my eye the pointing whip-stock to a group of firs. They were irregular of shape, naturally. Sam went on:

"Looks just like a bear rearin' on his hind legs, don't it?—And that clump over there is an eagle

all ready to fly. See it?"

I didn't but nodded. More imaginative, my wife cried:

"Why—and there's one that's exactly like a huge frog!"

"Sure is," Sam agreed. "There's a whole lot of character in the shapes of them pines. Now I always thought that frog one of the lady's was a camel kneeling, myself, but maybe it's more like a frog after all. Where do I take you folks?"

"We live on Carmelo near Twelfth," I said proudly.

"The Mayberry house?"

"The Newberry house."

"Don't know it. There ain't no such in Carmel."

"There's going to be," I insisted. "I have already ordered lumber at Henry Warren's yard, and am getting a load of shakes from down the coast. Do you know where I can get a man to help me build?"

"A carpenter? Now, there wouldn't be a carpenter in town right now except Walter Badham, and he's working for Mike Murphy, and mighty busy. You see Mike's got a house to build."

"Then the town's growin'?" said my wife, elevating her eyebrows in surprise. It was right then that I uttered my famous slogan:

"Ought to keep it like it is. Carmel is different, and should be left so. This building new houses here and yon is going to ruin the place."

As I spoke these words of prophecy, the stage made its last curve, and rounded Laidig Brothers Inc., groceries, into the bumps of Ocean avenue. The oldest of the incorporated brothers was standing upon a box, writing with chalk upon a blackboard attached to a post at the corner. Sam stopped the stage to see what was being inscribed on Carmel's only newspaper. We read:

"Earthquake in Japan shakes up

Tokyo.

Eggs thirty cents a dozen right from the ranch.

Monterey Stickers play Presidio Team this afternoon.

Use our canned tomatoes for soups and relishes.

Conflagration at Pacific Grove destroys a residence.

Fresh meat each Tuesday and Friday.

Supervisors plan to widen Valley road.

Buy your groceries of Laidig."

FRESH SALMON • ON THEIR MENU

Some people seem to think the salmon fishing is very good in the river lately. Several days ago two boys were seen wading and splashing in the water continually trying to catch a salmon but only succeeded in getting a bit more of a soaking each time a wave splashed over the rocks. About an hour or so of drenching to skin and ice-cold feet, and they waded out on the bank with a twenty-two pound salmon caught with their hands. As a result of the fishing trip one of the boys has been in bed for a few days with a severe cold but the salmon tasted good. We have not yet found out where the game warden was hiding out that day.

Singer Store

James Parr, Agt.

800 Munras Ave., Monterey

Telephone 1091-J.

New Electric on display at

HILL'S PLACE

Carmel

WILLIAM T. MACHADO

Can furnish the rock you need for Garden Wall or Patio. He can select the best grade for your use. He will deliver it where you want it. Also furnishes, besides chalk and granite, sand, gravel, building material of all kinds, and does general hauling.

P. O. Box 424, Carmel

Phone 227

THE BANK OF CARMEL

COMMERCIAL

SAVINGS

Safe Deposit Boxes
Travelers' Checks
Foreign Drafts

4% INTEREST PAID ON SAVINGS ACCOUNTS

Flor de Monterey

FLOWER SHOP and office of the
MONTEREY NURSERY

We have a large selection of annuals for Spring planting—hardy young plants ready to set out at once—which within a few weeks will make your garden a colorful place of joy and contentment. There is always a fresh stock of cut flowers on hand.

FREMONT STREET—Opposite Mission

Flower Shop Phone, Mont. 928-J

Nursery Phone, Mont. 748-J

Them Was The Days

Except for one thing, I was a millionaire. As we got off the train at Monterey, I had the feeling that I owned the whole bright world, and the only speck of blemish upon it was that our tent-roll had somehow missed connection with the baggage-car. I said, encouragingly, to my wife:

"One night in the open won't matter. Our outfit will follow along tomorrow."

"A pessimist," she said, "is an optimist's wife." Or some epigram to that effect. "Let's go to a hotel tonight."

"A hotel," I answered her, "is an expensive matter of a dozen bundles of shingles. Over the hill—I pointed keenly toward the sum-

mit of Carmel's rise, "are pines that will shelter us."

"Over the hill to the poorhouse," she quoted.

It was a spring noon of April, 1910. The train had emptied all but Pacific Grove-ites at the Monterey depot. A weather-worn buckboard drawn by two moth-worn horses sported a sign, "Carmel Stage." Into this we placed our suitcase and bags, climbed over the wheel, and took its rear seat. No other travelers for Carmel on that train. Sam Powers—we didn't know his name then, of course, for this was only our second trip to Carmel—clucked at the nags, they woke up and leaned into the collars, and we rattled over to and

HERE'S WHAT THE EDITORS HAVE TO SAY

MORE ABOUT TREES—LOTS MORE

Trustee George L. Wood said Friday last that he was opposed to the cutting of trees anywhere upon city property, streets or parks, and only gave his consent, as a trustee, when the necessity was great. That while he believed the individual property owner should be given some consideration in the matter, the people as a whole must, and should be, the first consideration. That the present Board of Trustees had cut, or allowed to be cut, fewer trees than any Board in the past. Also Trustee Wood said that the planting of a tree to take the place of one cut—not, of course, the same place, but somewhere near, in a position where it could grow without damage to adjoining property—was the Board's policy.

On Saturday came the annual financial report of the City Clerk, and upon it was this item: Trees, \$524.39. In the time between January 1, 1926, and January 1, 1927, \$524.39 had been spent on trees. How spent on trees? For fighting tree disease, and for planting new ones to take the place of those cut down by previous Boards of Trustees, who had not been so careful of the city's oaks, firs and cypresses?

No. Investigation showed that these bills were for cutting and trimming trees. Not a penny for planting. Not a penny for fighting the oak moth, the pine borer, or the cypress parasite. The money went to men with saws and axes.

Then, as this Board of Trustees was less destructive of trees, according to Trustee Wood, than any of its predecessors, let us look back and see how many hundreds or thousands of dollars used to be spent by the city on its trees. In the year 1925, under the heading Trees, are these items: cutting and trimming, \$30.00; Ordinance, Inspector for removal, \$15.00; Inspector, marking trees, \$65.00; paint, marking, \$19.87; total, \$129.87. And that was the year of the "white ring" fiasco.

In 1924's annual statement, the only item for trees, "Trimming trees and shrubs," was put under the general head, "Streets," and amounted to \$89.50.

So there you are. Trees, 1924, \$89.50; 1925, \$129.87; last year, 1926, \$524.38. The City Clerk says that she has made no change in the system of keeping the accounts for money expended on the city's trees. The vouchers show none of this \$524.38 was spent for planting, preserving or fighting tree disease. There is a great disparity between the talk of Trustee Wood—hurt and rather indignant because of the Pine Cone's story last week of cutting cypresses in the sand dune park—and the city's official financial statement. A discrepancy that we are going to try to explain.

For the Pine Cone believes absolutely in the sincerity of Mr. George L. Wood's words. He is opposed to the cutting of any tree unnecessarily, and believes—or believed at the time he said it—that this Board of Trustees was conserving every possible tree. He did not know how greatly, with the rapid extension of building, demands for tree removal had increased, or perhaps how many trees had been cut or trimmed without his knowledge. Although he is an excellent accountant himself, that item upon the annual statement astonished him.

There is hardly a meeting of the city council, but one or more requests for permits to cut trees come before it. These trees are not in private property, but upon city streets. The reasons given for removal are reasonable—or sound so, at any rate. Frequently the tree is "dead"; or it is "dying and a menace"; or it "obstructs entrance to a proposed garage"; or it "cuts off the view"; or it makes a "danger

Carmel Pine Cone

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, CALIF.

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FERRY NEWBERRY and ALLEN GRIFFIN, Publishers

All display advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later than Wednesday noon for insertion in the Friday issue. Display advertising rates will be furnished upon request.

Spring Song

Far out at sea the waves are capped with white;
Along the shore the breakers roll in grandeur.
The wild white riders of the sea!—no,
These are winter fancies.

In spring

I see the mermaids, their white arms linked;
Their faces and soft breasts molded of the foam,
And their waved tresses driven backward by the wind.

I would I were a sculptor

to catch that onward movement,
that gleaming whiteness,
And hold in marble for all mortal eyes to see.
Or a poet,
To give to men the wild sweet beauty of their song.

—F. C. G.

Out China Way

Out of an ancient past strange stars appear;
Along the sky their path is path of fate
For ancient wisdom bids them not to veer
Until above the dragon guarded gate.
Where now, the humble hordes in might protest,
They hang, a baleful omen to the West.

Out China way.

The young white stars that glimmer like a dream
Shall tremble, fail and pass from out that sky;
For old and yellow stars shall reign supreme
Until they, too, dream thru their dream and die
Out China way.

B. A.

THE PAGAN CALL

(Written for the Pine Cone)

By ALYSON PALMER

Sweet is your kiss, but there's a chance,
That sweeter lips may bloom somewhere
In France;

Dark are your eyes, but it may be
That eyes are black beneath the moon
Of Araby;

Soft is your hair, but wise men say
They scent the hair with jasmine
In Mandalay;

Cool is your hand, yet a guiding star
May fade into the purple dusk
Of Shalimar;

Loud is the pagan call of Rome,
I know; perhaps, my dear, I'm safer here
At home.

Logs in the Mill Pond

By Marverin Chandler McElroy
(In Sunset)

I wonder:
Do the high hills miss them;
Dawn winds that were wont to kiss them;
Squirrels that scampered down their fingers;
Noon-time shade where wild life lingers;
Birdling nests their cupped hands held high;
Cloud-lips brushing from the blue sky . . .
Is it of such things they dream—
Silent, shivering in the stream?

and menace at a corner."

We were intimately acquainted with one of the "dead" trees—dead now, sure enough. It was a massive old pine. The borer was in it, but not so badly that twenty dollars or less might have saved it. Even so, diseased and scant of foliage, it was a beautiful thing as one looked down the street to catch its magnificent contour against the sky-line. A hundred dollars—five hundred dollars—wouldn't have tempted us to fell that tree.

But the owner of the property could place his garage a bit more conveniently if that tree came down. "A bit" more conveniently. Plenty of other location for a garage on his lots. And just as good, though not quite so convenient. Had the city fathers said to this owner, "We will take down the tree if you pay us two hundred dollars for our property," the tree would probably still be standing. If there had been a set policy in the Board of Trustees for the cure of tree disease, that pine would be standing for years in all its magnificence of contour and foliage.

This is a long, solemn, serious editorial upon what we believe is the most important city matter that confronts us. Carmel's vacant lots, pine and oak covered, are being fast covered with houses. Each house built must mean trees felled. There is no way to prevent this. A house and a tree may not occupy the same ground at the same time. So Carmel must look to its streets to give it the forests. Every tree now upon those streets should be preserved against disease and the ax of the exploiter. The policy of the Board of Trustees should be "Save trees and plant trees"; and we, the people, should help, instead of hinder, the Board's adherence to this policy.

"Save every single tree in Carmel—except the one that I need felled," has been the attitude of the Carmelite. "Of course I am strong for the saving of trees," say you, and I, and all of us—with the mental reservation that we'll get a permit to lop the one that shuts the ocean view from our dining room window. Which, of course, is all rank selfishness.

ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH

Recently there has been added to the scores of propaganda factories that aim to save newspaper editors from writing, or even thinking, one to boost State Park Commission Bill, No. 439, now before the Senate. Incidentally, it boosts Duncan McDuffie, of San Francisco, Carmel and waypoints. Or, more likely, it uses Duncan McDuffie's well-known name to boost its pet projects.

"For immediate release," left hand upper corner; just like the news-sheets from the propaganda mills of the rubber trust, the automobile associations, the agriculturist bloc, and dozens of other interests that need newspaper help, and can pay sufficiently for an expensive publicity department. In this particular sheet, Duncan McDuffie's name gets in three times. Also, there is mention of "William Orrick of the Point Lobos Association."

And we didn't know there was a Point Lobos Association, and never heard of William Orrick. Instead of crumpling the sheet impatiently, and slamming it on the floor, which is our petulant way with the output of propaganda mills, we read this through to find out what about Point Lobos, and William Orrick, and Duncan McDuffie, and Senate Bill No. 439.

There had been a meeting at the Palace Hotel that endorsed this Senate Bill 439, together with its brothers, 440 and 441. Among those present, all "representatives of a number of California's leading organizations interested in conservation, recreation and outdoor life," were McDuffie and this Point Lobos Orrick. And Sen-

TAKE IT, LEAVE IT, OR CHUCK IT AWAY

ate Bill 439 will, if passed, create a State Park Commission of five members to take over the management of all state parks and monuments.

Fair enough. Looks like concentration of responsibility, and an advance in methods of management. Anyhow, our interest isn't so acute that we'll sit up nights studying Senate Bill 439. Now for 440.

Says this news-sheet, "The State Park Survey Bill (Senate Bill 440) provides for survey of the state to determine what areas should ultimately be acquired by the state. This is necessary in order that the state may know where it stands in the matter of park development and may outline a rational plan."

Which is the clue to William Orrick of the Point Lobos Association. And to the Point Lobos Association itself. A future state park of Point Lobos. Like it or not here in Carmel, there's an association that goes to Palace Hotel meetings, and helps conduct a propaganda mill, working to make Point Lobos a state park. And according to the same news-sheet, the advantages of Senate Bills 439 and 440, are—among other—"6. Possibility of revenue from parks which will ultimately meet the cost of upkeep;" and "8. Assurance of proper development of one of California's major assets which attracts millions of visitors, and brings millions of dollars into the state."

"Development"—"revenue"—"assets"—"attract"—"millions of visitors to the state"—"millions of dollars"

Oh, God—You who made Point Lobos grand, wonderful, beautiful—preserve it from the McDuffies, the Orricks, the Associations, the Senate, and from \$ \$ \$ \$!

START IT IN LAST WEEK'S PAPER

We wonder how many of the Pine Cone's readers have perused Major William L. Tower's article in last week's and this issue of the paper? The title "The Temporary Sewage System," wasn't encouraging to the casual reader, though the opening paragraph might lure one on; and once going, it held an interest that was not entirely dependent upon its subject matter.

An engineering report, made understandable and interesting by knowledge of how to use the King's English; technicalities made simple by the use of simple words; a masterly review of a matter of grave import to every resident and owner in Carmel, handled to give the knowledge painlessly.

There is many a professional writer in

Carmel who would be glad to have the ease and fluency of language shown by Major Tower. Perhaps it came from a thorough knowledge of his subject. He has made a long and serious study of sewage conditions here, and our needs. He speaks with authority. He tells what has been done to correct a deplorable condition, and what must be done to make temporary improvement a permanent perfection.

But read what he says—he tells it all better than we can.

HOW SHALL WE ANSWER HIM?

Elsewhere in the paper is a letter from a young writer now a resident of Chicago. It was not intended for publication, but is typical of the state of mind of hundreds of other men and women who, having learned of Carmel through its art activities, had come to regard it as the dream-port of their hopes; to be jarred and soulsickened by the news that concrete streets and modern sanitation have made it a desert of civilization.

Shall this writer be referred to our Chamber of Commerce for a reply? Is he, and his young wife—we know they're young by the letter—desirable citizens from a Chamber of Commerce point of view? Judged by his reference to "sceptical editors," he is not a likely buyer of a fifteen thousand dollar bungalow, or the tenant of a two-hundred-a-month cottage.

Believing thoroughly that these young people—and their brothers and sisters of the brush, palette, pen and typewriter—are more valuable citizens for Carmel than the man of millions—when it's only millions—we are writing this young man ourselves, with an enthusiasm undimmed by concrete streets or suburban bungalows. We are telling him that nature did too much for Carmel for progress to spoil it; that Frederick R. Bechdolt, Jimmie Hopper, Robert Welles Ritchie, Holman Day, Cornelis Botke, De Neale Morgan, Clarkson Coleman—yes, and a long list of others—are still grubbing out inspiration here; that our merchants are reasonable in the prices of man's necessities, our landlord's still have houses that may be reasonably rented, and that this village loves young writers, and their young wives, and their brothers and sisters—and aunts—of the pen and brush.

We are going to bring this couple to Carmel if we can write hard enough to do it. And we are going to send out the same message to others every week in the year. That's the Pine Cone's Carmel.

I knew him then, for I had seen his work often enough in the twenty and more years he had been out of my sight; first, and only occasionally, on Puck and Judge; then and frequently on Life. He is now regularly on Life's staff of artists, besides being a syndicate of his own work, and the secretary of the Artist's League of America. Half the year he exists in New York, the other part he lives in Marin county, across the bay from San Francisco, coming to Carmel now and then to visit his cousin, Wilbert Normand of the DeYoe Realtors outfit.

Percival V. Ivory was another lad in that Barnhart and Swasey art department. He was an apprentice, getting five dollars a week. One day he asked for a raise.

"Percy," I said, "you're not worth more here than you're getting. As a commercial artist, you are a lemon. But you ARE an artist and could make good at illustrating in New York, I believe."

"Will you say that to my uncle?" eagerly from the boy.

"I will. What's the idea?"

"If you can make my uncle believe what you've just said, he'll stake me for a try-out in New York."

I made Percy's uncle believe, and the lad was staked. You see his drawings now in the Century, Harpers Monthly, and the higher grade—artistically speaking—magazines. P. V. Ivory, he signs himself. He never did like the Percy.

Who's this Reginald Pelham Bolton that tells us we should do something to preserve our trees? What's he got, to talk to us as he did in a letter to the Pine Cone last week? "Carmel," he said, "as a community owes a great debt to nature, and nature has a way of showing its resentment of neglect."

Throwing aspersions at us for neglect, when we spend more than five hundred dollars a year trimming and cutting down trees. Well, now, who the deuce is he?

"Who's Who in America" tells us something of him: president of R. P. Bolton Co., consulting engineers, 55 Liberty street, New York; Trustee American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society; member American Society of Civil Engineers, American Institute of Consulting Engineers, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers (President 1911), New York Historical Society; Associate member Institution of Civil Engineers, England (Telford Gold Medal, 1902), trustee City History Club.

Bolton is the author of "Motive Power," "Autobiography of an Irish Terrier,"—wide worlds apart!—"The Assault of Mt. Washington, 1776," "Elevator Service," "The Indians of Washington Heights," "Building for Profit" and of numerous monographs. He was born in England in 1856, and came to America in 1879. He has been consulting engineer to the Department of Water Supply of New York, and a whole lot more.

Aline Barrett Greenwood, brilliant, world traveler, whose "Current Reviews" are given at the San Carlos Hotel ballroom the afternoon of the first Tuesday in each month, is the subject of a long article in the Portland Oregonian re-

cently. The author speaks of her as a living denial of the popular assumption that only Will Rogers reads the papers and comments on the passing show. She pulls current happenings and famous personalities out of her silk hat and makes them living character studies. Miss Greenwood has an opinion with the courage to voice it with a deft but sure touch. In matters of current importance she revealed in facts, but of deadly chronological order she would have none, injecting just the right sprinkling of international gossip.

Her comparison of Constancy, as the stage presents it through "The Constant Wife," by Maughn, and "The Constant Nymph" by Margaret Kennedy, with a brief review of several of the best books of the month is surely an "intriguing" prospect—as Peggy would say. Mrs. John B. Dennis of Carmel is responsible for making it possible for the peninsula to hear this clever woman.

Back from England is Garnet Holme, pageant director for the U. S. National Parks, and with Herbert Grimwood, the actor, has taken a cottage, or houseboat, or apartment in San Francisco, and will begin work on his Mountain Theatre play and the summer's park activities.

Holme directed the first play, "David," at the Forest Theatre in 1910, and many succeeding summer productions. Grimwood was Fray Junipero Serra of the July, 1922, Carmel Mission play of "Serra," put on at the Forest Theatre by the Mission Play Committee, of which Dr. D. T. MacDougal was chairman.

In that cast were Dan Totheroh, author of "Wild Birds"—wasn't it?—played at the Golden Bough; Lowell Hardy, author of "Frosty Ferguson;" Charles Purdy, author of a first novel quite recently; Grant Wallace, Dio Dawson, and Albert Van Houtte, writers; David Alberto, pianist; Ray C. DeYoe—his first, last and only appearance—Marie Gordon, Blanche Tolmie, Jeanne Burton, Clara Leidig—a bright galaxy of stars—with Katharine (Yes, it's spelled right) Edson, a professional actress and dancer. A hundred or so in cast and supers; and a good show.

In a note of thanks for "the friendly spoonful of pleasant applesauce," as he put it, regarding his early poems in last week's Pine Cone, Holman Day says of them, "I had a thousand other jobs in the drudgery of a daily newspaper and I wrote those verses daily as a relief. I always did feel that Mr. Dingley would have liked it better if I had stuck to the plain prose of political writing, and my column was merely tolerated, never praised. But the 'pote,' like the prophet, has a tough time with the home folks! And the first 'pote' I ever wrote for the Lewiston Journal brought a libel suit on the paper, and put a backhand value on that three stanza gem to the extent of a sum never received by the great Longfellow in his palmest days. So, I started off all right as a high-priced poet. I'll tell you the story some day, when we meet on the Rialto."

Principal A. B. Ingham of the Grove high school is scheduled to address the Carmel Parent-Teachers' association at the Sunset school on March 9th.

People Talked About

I have known Pedro Lemos, more or less, since one day, twenty years ago, when I tried to hire him as a commercial artist for the Barnhart and Swasey advertising agency in San Francisco. He was freelancing then, and as manager of the art department of the concern, I was anxious to get every good free-lance under our wing. Lemos, unlike most artists, had a strong streak of business acumen in his make-up and we never came to an agreement.

That same business streak has evidently worked for his advantage since then. The Pine Cone had him and his rather marvelous plans for Carmel shops on the front page last week, and there is a picture of one of his properties, the Early Biscuit, in this number somewhere. Quite evidently he has made good more,

financially, and as an artist, he would not be connected with the Stanford University in so responsible a position as art curator, if he had not the stuff in him.

He has been coming to Carmel during the summers for a good many years, but very few of us guessed that he had acquired downtown properties, and was threatening to further beautify the village. But it's the kind of news that I like to print.

To this art department that Pedro Lemos didn't join, there came one day a score of years ago, seeking a job, a well built young chap from Portland, Oregon. He showed drawings that easily landed him a desk in our art room, where he worked for a year or

Fred T. Cooper was his name, and an all-around man, as we called the artist who had no specialty, but was good enough to get by on any commercial job. Most of the men—there were twenty or more in that department—were specialists. Martinez did posters, big stuff mostly. Schwartz, Peters and Arcieri were air-brush artists. Reginald Bassett, a brother of the Cymbal's editor, was a booklet illustrator. So was Jon O. Brubaker and Arthur Lewis. Myron Perley was a letterer. But Lewis Rothe and Fred Cooper were handy at any kind of work.

Cooper left us to go to New York in 1905. The next time I saw him was when he walked in on me here in Carmel a year ago with, "Remember me, Perry?"

He had to tell me his name, but



SHIPS AND SEAMEN ARE HANSEN'S OWN

Armin Hansen is the rare type of artist whose genius has brought to the Monterey peninsula lasting fame. He has made his own particular niche in the world of art and is as well known and as well liked throughout the east as he is in California.

A little of Hansen's personality may be felt upon entering his Monterey studio; a spacious room with a great northern window and an immense stone fire place whose mantel holds a number of noteworthy things collected by the artist during his travels.

There is a good sized ship, with rugged brown sails, a model of a North Sea fishing boat that was made for Hansen by some old fisherman.

There are two bleached skulls, relics of the Spanish Inquisition of 1555. One is the skull of a Moor, the other of a white man, both of whom were probably killed in the Battle of the Dunes. What extraordinary tales they might tell if they should suddenly come to life again—these grotesque bones that lived and loved more than four centuries ago!

And there is an ancient German clock, dating back hundreds of years, but still marking the hour of day upon its battered, hand-painted dial.

Since his return from the East, Hansen has devoted most of his time to etching. One, just completed, is called "Fisher Harbor" and was made from sketches done in Ostend, Belgium. It pictures the fleet off shore, sailing in at full speed, while the villagers await its coming in long lines on the beach. There is another etching of Ostend harbor when the sailing boats are moored.

Hansen has many splendid oils, sea pictures are his specialty, but in his work there is very little of the soft grays and violets, and a refreshing absence of that peaches, melancholy sentiment found in so many sea-scapes. Color and life are his keynotes and he paints with a lavish, powerful brush.

A good example of this may be seen in his beautiful canvas "Tropic Waters," done several months ago when the artist was down on the gulf of Mexico. It shows a sailing boat arriving in some southern port, its full white sails standing out in striking contrast against the rich blue green of the sea and sky. While you stand admiring it, the artist tells you that it was merely a trading vessel, laden, no doubt, with a harmless cargo of coffee or India spices or sugar cane; but you prefer to think it a pirate ship peopled with tawny-skinned buccaners off the Spanish Main, who have sailed out of the pages of books into this turquoise and malachite sea.

"The Foe's Head" is another canvas, picturing the fore part of a great sailing schooner caught in the swirl of a heavy sea. The background is a low white cloud bank and the costumes of the tolling mariners are brilliant reds and greens. But the main color, of the sea and the sky and the wet washed decks, is a deep, enchanting ultramarine. It is a mighty

painting that might well be an illustration for one of Joseph Conrad's sea stories.

There is one, more quiet and softly toned than these, called "Crossing the Bar." A little fishing fleet lying in the shadow of Monterey harbor, with the waters transformed by a lambent greenish light and just a suggestion of coral sunset glow.

But the picture that holds the most appeal for the writer is one far-removed from the Gulf of Mexico or the White Sea. It is called "Cowboy Sport" and its inspiration came from the last Salinas Rodeo. In the foreground, half-hidden by a cloud of gray dust, is a whooping cowpuncher astride a wildly bucking broncho; action in every tense muscle of the horse, the thrill of the game in the poise of the rider with his flying neckerchief and gay red chaps. In the background another pony stands at attention, another cowboy waits eagerly to join the sport. Along the white rail fence a line of onlookers cheer the horse and rider.

Odd that a painter of North Sea fishing boats should so capture the spirit of a Salinas bucking broncho! Yet Armin Hansen has done that very thing and I, for one, have never looked at a finer result.

STUDENTS DIRECT BIG JUBILEE PLAY

Eight students will have important parts in the direction and production of the "Trojan Women," Euripides' tragedy of the sack of Troy which will be presented in the University of California Greek Theatre on the Evenings of April 8 and 9, as a part of the Silver Jubilee festivities in connection with the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the famous amphitheatre.

Lucian Self, senior, registered from Oakland, will be assistant to Director Charles D. von Neumayer, Professor of dramatic art. Avery Shuey, Berkeley, dramatics manager for the Associated Students, has general supervision of a score of students who are working on details of production.

Wallace Dickey, San Diego, heads the arrangements division; George Moore, Coalinga, is stage manager; Imogene Gallagher, Sacramento, is in charge of costumes; Louis Rinds, Los Angeles, is special assistant in charge of Silver Jubilee affairs in the Associated Students ticket office; Patricia Stanley, Richmond, is designer of costumes and sets, and Eleanor McLaughlin, Berkeley, is property mistress.

ART NOTES

Edward R. Kingsbury who has been wintering at Pine Inn, is leaving the first of the month on a sketching trip through the lesser islands of the West Indies in company with Charles H. Woodbury, well known Boston artist.

A group of pictures by Ralph Davison Miller is being shown this month in the Wiltshire studio in Los Angeles. Among the pictures exhibited are studies from the deserts of Arizona and California, the high Sierras and the Monterey Peninsula.

CARMEL ARTISTS AT OAKLAND'S SHOW

Gene Halley, art critic of the Chronicle, says: "A list of thirty specially invited Western artists who are remarkable either for their work or their high standing, escaped the rigors of the three-jury voting machine at the Oakland Fifth Annual exhibition. These were out-of-town artists, while the bay region artists were the group whose work included the two disrupting nudes by Edward Hagedorn of San Francisco and Forrest L. Brissey of Oakland."

"Some rather bad work from the South Land has crept in with some excellent southern California canvases. Among the extremists we find Stanton M. Wright, at one time known as S. Macdonald-Wright, brother of Willard Huntington Wright, writer on modern art. Work by Henrietta Shore of Los Angeles, Helen Rhodes of the University of Washington and Birger Sandzén of Kansas City mark the extremes of geography from which exhibitors were invited."

"Cornelius and Jessie Arns Botke's works represent the Carmel colony while Palo Alto, San Francisco and Berkeley artists join the Oakland group, which includes Maurice Logan, William H. Clapp, Phillips Lewis, Gene Kloss, Selden C. Gile, Herbert Von Riddelsheim, Paul A. Schmitt."

PORTRAIT EXHIBIT AT ELDER GALLERY

The Peter Van Valkenburgh exhibit of "Portrait Drawings" at the Paul Elder Gallery in San Francisco will come to a close on Saturday.

The exhibition includes portraits of well known people such as Chester Rowell, John D. Barry, J. Stitt Wilson, Dr. Derrick N. Lehman, Dell Munger and others. Three studies in red chalk of Robert Louis Stevenson were done in collaboration with Mrs. Sanchez Van Valkenburgh, who formerly lived in Carmel is an artist of Dutch ancestry. Gene Halley, San Francisco art critic, says of his work: "A careful study of charcoal portraits reveals that no camera could give the sympathy of interpretation and personality that this artist gives in evidence of his feeling and observation."

The Stanford University art gallery is showing a collection of 21 oil paintings by Ivan Messenger of San Diego. Messenger is a Stanford graduate who belongs to several California art organizations. His work is impressionistic and the subject matter is chosen from such favorite California spots as El Capitan, Point Lobos and Carmel Cypress.

In the California Geographic for February 19, 1927, there is a reproduction of the painting "Storm Lashed Coast," done by William Ritschel, N. A. local artist. Ritschel has recently returned from a trip around the world and his one-man show at the Cannell and Chaffin Galleries, Los Angeles, has caused much attention among art critics, many of whom consider him one of the greatest living marine painters in America.

Mr. and Mrs. Gouverneur Morris have returned to their Monterey home after a three months trip to New Zealand. The well known author denies any rumors as to making the trip to gather material for some future story, and says that its sole purpose was to fish. However, time will tell.

Ralph Oliver of Carmel, and Miss Gladys Bach of Pacific Grove, were married in San Jose last week and are now honeymooning in Southern California. Upon their return the young couple will make their home in Pacific Grove.

Miss Elizabeth Strong has a most interesting exhibit of paintings at Kay's tea room this week. Among the canvases are "Wind and Tide at Point Lobos" and "The Gold Fish Pond."

M. DeNeale Morgan has returned to her Carmel Studio after her successful exhibit of paintings at the Hotel Leamington, in Oakland.

Miss Tilly Polak is back in Carmel after two weeks stay in San Francisco, where she went to have her tonsils removed.

At the annual art exhibit now at the San Francisco Bohemian club, are pictures by a number of Carmel artists, namely, Ferdinand Bergdorff, Percy Gray, Harry Stuart Fonda, Charles Dickman, Will Sparks and C. Chapel Judson.

Carpenters have been installing a couple of hundred more mail boxes at the postoffice this week, preparing for the summer season rush. With the additional ones now in, there is a total of 1060 boxes in the building. Five years ago, 450 boxes were more than adequate for Carmel's use.

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HERE'S TO THE HORSE— BOTTOMS UP!

By Peggy Palmer

"The Horse is the Thing; You may have the thrills That come with the gasoline, You may have the spills And the pace that kills In your auto or flying machine, For the flyer who flies In the vanities skies Must come to earth if his engine dies, But the fire that lies In a Horse's eyes Is the spark that lives and intensifies, So here's to the Horse— The King."

That little poem is among those in "Heart Throbs and Hoof Beats," the book of verse written by my father, Walter B. Palmer, who has devoted a lifetime to the understanding of horse flesh. I think it expresses the feeling a lot of us have—the genuine love for the horse that no motor car or aeroplane can ever quite replace.

Here in California, where it is possible to ride during all seasons of the year, it is more poignant than ever, our comradeship for the horse. And when one considers the unlimited possibilities for riding on the Monterey Peninsula, one does not wonder that it is indeed the true kingdom for that noblest of all animals.

There is the beautiful Seventeen Mile Drive, where one may canter for hours beside a sea of turquoise and silver, pausing now and then to watch the white foam break over Joe's Point or to witness some particularly good shot on Pebble Beach golf course.

There are the countless enchanting roads that wind away into the fragrant heart of Del Monte Forest; roads carpeted with green pine needles, roads cooled by winds that blow in from Seven Seas, and warmed by golden rays of the western sun that steal through the tumbled old eucalyptus overhead.

And there is the Carmel Valley road, with innumerable trails that beckon one to ride on into the low purple foothills. And last, but not least, we have the broad yellow ribbon of the Carmel Beach, where a race with the onrushing tides appeals to the sporting blood of any horse.

There is Del Monte Polo Field where one may witness dashing tournaments played by the most famous stars in the world. And it is only a day or night's run down to Tijuana, mecca of the thoroughbred and home of the Sport of Kings.

But after all, the greatest thrill is to take part in the fun yourself. Even a short hour in the saddle, when the skies are blue, gives one something that can be kept. Better than the best Doctor, better than six quarts of spring tonic, a sure cure for most all ills. And, though one may own a blooded mount bred in the blue grass of Kentucky, or rent the old white mare from Hodges' stable, the same thrill is in store for both. It is, I think, the Love of Life. As dad says:

"Lead him away, his day is done, His satin coat and eagle eye Are dimmed as moonlight in the sky Is lost against the sky."

Lead him away, far down the past, Where sentiment has fled, — But gentlemen, just at the last Drink deep— The Thoroughbred."

WIN THIS PRIZE!

WRITE A LETTER

The following is a letter of inquiry from a young man in Chicago. For the most alluring answer to it, received in the office on or before March 1, the Pine Cone will pay a prize of five dollars.

If you love Carmel, if you love young, enthusiastic, adventurous free-lancers, write to "charm" these two to our village.

The letter reads:

Mrs. Eaton and myself are leaving Chicago in May to make our home in California, and are puzzled by the difficulties of selecting a residence at long range. Since we are now engaged in free-lance fiction work, our first thought was naturally of Carmel, but we learn through the Hoffman's that the "No Progress" ticket has been conclusively defeated, and that the literary colony shows indications of becoming a much commercialized metropolis. In spite of the proverbial impossibility of getting an unbiased opinion from a Californian, I am confident that you can effectively set our minds at rest or admit that my ancient dream of a bungalow at Carmel is undesirable.

There is some indication that my mother will be living near Los Angeles, so we are also considering the advisability of settling farther south. It is my understanding that one can live more cheaply in your section, and I feel sure that you appreciate the magnitude of this consideration when one is trying to convince sceptical editors that a new light is dawning in the literary world.

If I remember correctly, there is at least one demon realtor in your community. Would it be too much

trouble to put him on my trail? We will welcome information as to eligible bungalows for rent, unfurnished. Mrs. Eaton has set her heart on a "shredded wheat" roof, but necessarily may overcome this conviction. Otherwise we are open-minded; well-meaning friends, annoyed by the vagueness of our plans, have even gone so far as to claim we are vacant-minded.

GO AND LOSE YOURSELF

I'm not going to talk about the coming of spring so you may all listen without fear of having your own version of its wonders insulted by some one else. It pains me to have some well meaning enthusiast tell me the charm of spring. They simply can't touch the subject. I have to see it with my eyes and smell it with my nose and hear it with my ears. Imagine sitting in a snow-surfaced cabin, for instance, and reading about spring. Or getting the thrill I did the day I got lost in Carmel Woods. The air that came off the lately drenched green stuff was like nothing I had inhaled before, unless it was last year at this time. All of the trees were dotted with pale green and I found some Johnnie-jump-ups. And sounds were the best part of it; quiet sounds of wind-blown pines, a distant ring of an axe, and that fascinating music that a cross-cut saw makes. I didn't particularly notice it, but I'm sure that there were birds making the twitter that is akin to the grace notes in instrumental music. All of this with the old Pacific doing the base part in a never changing theme!

While I was on this sort of lost walk, it occurred to me what a tremendous force wind and water have. Think of the backaches that would accompany the digging of all the ditches the water has cut out this winter in Carmel streets. Then look at the pine tree that was blown down by no will of yours onto your neighbor's roof. Did you

happen to be awake the night of the wind storm, and watch the way the slim pines were whipped back to the ground by the gale? Or, more wonderful, did you happen to be asleep? Then you could judge by the mighty havoc wrought what a mighty force had been at work. Besides the uprooted trees, sign boards were blown down, old buildings flattened to the ground and awnings changed into kites.

If you are beginning to be unim-

terestedly used to Carmel, get yourself lost. You may come home with a blister on your heel and all aches in your bones, but you will be cured.

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SOOTHERN, AS VILLON—

DO YOU REMEMBER?

By Susan Porter

The question is: how old does it make you to admit that you were thrilled by Soothern as Francois Villon in "If I Were King"? Bert Heron and I were talking about that production yesterday, and we both begged the question, quite noticeably. We loved talking about our memories, though. Bert told me of seeing the Mason Opera House open with it, in Los Angeles, and of paying three dollars for a seat—"a great deal of money for me then," he said. And I told of sitting next to Susanne Sheldon at a luncheon in St. Louis, when Soothern was playing there, and of hearing her rage at Cissie Loftus for not putting more feeling into the part of Lady Katherine. "She comes on in the last act and says, 'Oh, let me give my life' as if she were talking about a chocolate soda! Why, when I played that part in London, I used to wait for that cue with tears running down my cheeks."

Susanne Sheldon played the Abbess in the American production. A great handsome thing she was, tawny-haired and gorgeously built, with a deep full voice out of a bare round throat. My memory of that bare throat dates me beyond argument; all the rest of us at that luncheon wore lace collars boned to the chin. And her deep voice recited for us the play-variation of Villon's famous "Ballade of Dead Ladies," which Soothern used, with the refrain, "Where are the girls of yester-year?"

Yes, where are they? Where is Susanne Sheldon? Where are those girls of yester-year. I sit in Carmel, wondering.

It's worth belonging to yesterday to have had the thrill of adoring Soothern. We were an unsophisticated lot, there in St. Louis. We knew nothing of acting nor of stage-tricks nor of productions; we knew only that he was Soothern, and that his face was clear-cut and his eyes very dark, and that he looked wicked and debonaire, and that we adored him. And last winter I heard him talk at the Colony Club in New York, a dapper, odiously well-preserved little old man, who stood firmly on conservative stage tradition, and said that "Hamlet" in modern dress was not only wrong but impossible—adding casually that he hadn't seen it. And that was Soothern! Villon could have made a ballade of the way I felt then.

As a matter of fact, Villon did. Over and over again he voiced so perfectly the poignancy of Time and Change that you find all your own little wistfulnesses set for you to his music.

"Princes to death are all fore-told,

Even as the humblest of their array:

Whether they sorrow or whether they scold,

The wind carries their like away."

SYMPHONIES OF SILENCE

MADE POSSIBLE

Songs without sounds. Cadenzas of color. Ceaseless rhythmic motion of fantastic forms on a large white screen.

This is what happens when Thomas Wilfred, pioneer in the art of light sits down at the keyboard of his instrument, the Clavilux, which is coming to the Theatre of the Golden Bough on Wednesday evening, March 9.

The Clavilux or, as some people prefer to call it, the color organ, is an elaborate and highly sensitive electrical instrument upon which Mr. Wilfred has been working for twenty-one years. It gives a skilled performer as absolute control over pure white light as an organist has control over sound when he sits at the pipe organ console.

The Clavilux contains formless white light plus all possibilities and if an unskilled person moved the keys, the result on the screen would be only ugly splashes of muddy colors. The artist, however, bends the light into beautiful forms and makes them move gracefully over the screen in slow rhythm. He then fills them with interlacing gorgeous colors that change with the rhythm, brings in other forms in other rhythms and colors, finally working up to a climax that well might take your breath away. It has no music played with it. For the first time in the history of art we have silent abstract beauty, enjoyed through the eye alone.

TWILIGHT

By Joan Stafford

The calm of evening steals across the bay.

Along the shore the twinkling lights appear

To guide departing day.

Far overhead, God's candle shining thru,

The evening star comes out,

Pale gold against pale blue.

Soon—like a fragile amber craft—

The slender moon comes too.

CARMELITES SCORE

WITH BAD MAN

By George C. Warren

(In San Francisco Chronicle)

The Carmel Players invaded San Francisco last night and will conclude their conquest of the city tonight with their second performance here of Porter Emerson Browne's play, "The Bad Man," given in the auditorium of the Women's City Club, 465 Post street. The visitors gave a valiant presentation of the piece last night; smooth, mannerly, exciting, and there was much applause.

Somehow the Browne play lost the characteristics of comedy, in which Holbrook Blinn dressed it, and became rather dry and hard and full melodrama as acted by the Carmelites, this treatment bringing other values in the work to the surface, perhaps more nearly expressing the author's meaning than the humorous method of handling the story. It was effective at any rate.

The setting, the Gilbert ranch house on the Mexican border, with a brazen sky and an arid desert beyond the open door, is an excellent one, and reflects not a little glory on Rhoda and Richard Johnson, to whom credit for designing and building the scenery is given on the program.

Jo Mora is the Lopez, giving the role a touch of humorous deviltry, covering vigor and quick decision with the sang froid of a man at ease with the world. It is an exceedingly good impersonation, carried completely with never a let-down in mood or speech; a specious rogue, heartless and conscienceless, who kills with as little compunction as he lights a cigarette, and thinks nothing of carrying off a woman against her will, whether she be wife, maid or widow.

The women of the cast, Ruth Austin, a good looking brunette, Katherine Cooke, a fuzzy haired blonde, and Louise Walcott, whose character makeup as an ancient Mexican cook left one in doubt as to the real woman under the mask, did the little required of them with grace and such skill as their limited roles required.

Ernest Schweninger made a good deal of the colorless role of Jones, whom Browne has treated badly in the writing, for he is a hero who does nothing heroic, and Byington Ford put a good deal of venom into the despicable Morgan Pell, playing the part very well indeed.

Talbert Josselyn's Henry Smith, the wheel-chair invalid, got much of the fun in that role across the footlights and gave a creditable performance.

Paul Flanders looked like a cowboy and did well the little asked of him as Jim Giddings, and the others, Robert Welles Ritchie, Elliott Durham, George Lewis, Barry Parker and George Ball were competent.

Mrs. A. W. Basham from Los Angeles is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. Basham for a few days.

Miss M. E. Mason, Miss Swanson, Ray Schofield and Mr. Bowser, friends of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Whitney, all of San Francisco, spent the holiday at Del Monte and Carmel.

DEATH TAKES TOLL

IN RANKS OF MUSIC

Musicians of Carmel were saddened this week by news of the death of Paul Steindorff of Oakland, active for many years in musical events of importance, both amateur and professional, in the cities on both sides of San Francisco Bay.

And there were others of Carmel, not musicians, who recalling the days of the Tivoli Opera Company, so long under Steindorff's direction, mourned at the passing of this grand old man.

He was one of the few great musicians without jealousy; always ready to praise and encourage talent in others; helpful where he could be.

All California will miss Paul Steindorff.

GOAT SONG HAS

ITS READING

The Playreading Group of the Golden Bough Theatre Subscribers met last Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. F. C. Comins on Santa Lucia. The play selected was Franz Werfel's "Goat Song," and

was exceptionally well read by Mrs. Herbert Heron, Mrs. Blackman and Martin Merle.

The next reading will take place Tuesday evening, March 1st, at the studio of Charles Sumner Greene on Lincoln street.

PLANTS, PLANTS,

PLANTS GALORE

Plants now ready at the Carmel Florists: two year old Delphinium roots, Salpiglossis, Lobelia Crystal Palace, Cobaea Scandens Vines, Pansies, and Rosy Moon Petunia, Agapanthus.—Adv.

Greenwood Reviews

Entrancing Expositions of the News of the World! Offering Original Dissertations on Current Happenings Tuesday, March 1st 8:15 P.M. San Carlos Hotel Monterey Tickets—One Dollar

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"West of Broadway"

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SUNDAY

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MONDAY

TUESDAY

"Spangles"

Pat O'Malley
Marion Nixon

WEDNESDAY

"Silken Shackles"

Irene Rich

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN"

in the sedimentation tank as now used. This was the chief source of odors from the manholes in times past. Improper initial construction did not trap the sewage inlet of the Cameron tank.

In conclusion the writer regretfully and respectfully must remind the community that whereas nature has made this locality most beautiful as a place to live, nature has also made it most difficult to provide with adequate sanitary facilities, especially for sewage disposal. Nature has provided about Carmel Bay an amphitheatre of charming lands for residential pur-

poses but forgot to provide land whereupon to dispose of the waste accruing from human life and occupation. Geologic and oceanographic conditions contraindicate certain methods of disposal while common sense, community pride, decent sanitation and esthetic considerations contraindicate others. Only a high type of disposal can be used or would meet the approval of the community if suggested. Two solutions are possible; of these, the choice and the reasons therefor will be laid before the electorate of this community before long. From that point on, the

course of events in the future is something for which you, the electorate, the people of the Carmel community, will be solely responsible. The good which results will redound to your credit and good report; the evil, if such there be, to your discredit, to an experiencing of trouble you could have avoided.

Mr. D. I. Stanford returned from San Francisco where he has spent the past week purchasing Christmas novelties for next season. Stan evidently approves of buying early to avoid the rush—or the early bird catches the worm.

STUDENTS HEAR

COOLIDGE SPEAKS
Carmel students shared with other students of Monterey High School a Washington's birthday radio program broadcasted from the House of Representatives the main feature of which was President Coolidge's speech on Washington. The Army Band furnished the patriotic music, closing the program with The Star Spangled Banner. Mr. Frisby, shop instructor, managed the radio and the whole program came across the United States distinctly.

HELP WANTED

WANTED—Two women or girls to work in laundry. Steady employment. Carmel French Laundry, 5th and Junipero streets.

NOTICE OF ELECTION

On Monday, March 7, 1927, the Carmel Sanitary District Election for three members of Carmel Sanitary Board will be held.

Election officers are as follows: Inspector, W. T. Kibbler; Judge, Mary T. Dummage; Clerk, Clara B. Leidig; Clerk, Kathryn J. Overstreet.

Polling place—West side of Dolores street; 100 feet south of Ocean avenue, next to Farley Dyeing and Cleaning Shop.

Polls open from 7 a.m. to 6 p.m. By order of

CARMEL SANITARY BOARD,
T. W. MORGAN, JR., Sec.

APPLICATION UNDER ACT OF JANUARY 27, 1922 FOR CHANGE OF ENTRY.

United States Land Office,
San Francisco California.
Serial 017276

January 31, 1927.

Notice is hereby given that, CARL SODERLUND and FRANS O. SODERLUND, sole heirs of CARL A. SODERLUND, deceased, whose post-office address is care of Richard M. Lyman, Room 822 Mills Building, San Francisco, California, have filed in this office an application under Section 2372, Revised Statutes, as amended by the act of January 27, 1922, for the SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 14; NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$, Lots 5 and 6, Sec. 23, T. 17 S., R. 2 E., M. D. M., and that the same has been allowed by the Secretary of the Interior.

All persons claiming the land adversely or desiring to show it to be mineral in character will be allowed until March 11, 1927, to file in this office their objections to the issuance of patent under the aforesaid application.

LIDA M. HUME, Register.

First publication: Feb. 4, 1927.

Last publication: Mar. 4, 1927.

PUBLIC LAND SALE

Department of the Interior,
U. S. Land Office at San Francisco, Calif.

January 26, 1927.

NOTICE is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Sec. 2465, R. S., pursuant to the application of Charles F. McFadden, Monterey, California, Serial No. 017187, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$3.00 per acre, at 11 o'clock A.M., on the 11th day of March, next, at this office, the following tract of land: SW $\frac{1}{4}$ NW $\frac{1}{4}$, SW $\frac{1}{4}$ SW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 23, SE $\frac{1}{4}$ SE $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 22, T. 17S., R. 2E., MDM. The sale will not be kept open, but will be declared closed when those present at the hour named have ceased bidding. The person making the highest bid will be required to immediately pay to the Receiver the amount thereof.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

LIDA M. HUME, Register.

First publication Feb. 4, 1927.

Last publication, March 4, 1927.

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All transient ads. must be paid for in cash. Contract advertising

may be charged provided satisfactory credit references are furnished.

All classified advertising must be in the Pine Cone office not later

than 3 p.m. Wednesday for insertion in the Friday edition.

The Carmel Pine Cone is on sale at the following Ocean Avenue news

stands:

In Carmel:

Carmel Smoke Shop, Mrs. Frieda J. Todd, proprietor.

Louis S. Stevin's News Stand and Book Shop.

Stanford's Drug Store, D. I. Stanford, proprietor.

Seven Arts Book Shop, Herbert Heron, proprietor.

In Monterey:

Monterey News Agency, B. W. White, Agent.

Union Stage Depot, George C. Cowart, General Agent.

Hotel Del Monte News Stand.

In New York City:

Times Square News Stand, 42nd and Broadway.

MISCELLANEOUS

EMPLOYMENT Agency & Public Stenographer. Houses opened for occupancy. Ruth Higby, Carmel Service Bureau, Monte Verde, bet. Ocean and 7th, east side. Phone 665-W.

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A Romance Of New York Ralph Geddis In Big Town

Just at present, because there must be a Francois Villon in the Forest Theatre summer play, "If I Were King," Ralph Geddis is in the minds of many people in Carmel. Of the many who have taken

part in dramatics here, Ralph Geddis would probably make the finest Villon. But the possibility that he might come west this summer is dissipated by a letter received by me last Wednesday, which was not intended for publication, but is going to get it regardless. Talk about Romance! Here's the skeleton of a story that would make William Locke a whole novel.

Ralph came to Carmel, where his uncle, Henry Larouette, lives, in 1924. He was a lad of eighteen. As Pierette in the Forest Theatre production of Prunella that summer, he danced and sang himself into the hearts of Carmel. From then on, he was actor, stage manager, stage carpenter, props, any old thing, for all Carmel.

In 1925, his Rip Van Winkle was the outstanding feature of the season. That a nineteen-year-old could make anything like what he did of the part that Joseph Jefferson had created was hard to believe. That fall he went to New York. Now for his letter:

"I arrived in this great cess-pool (that's just the word!) Noise! Rush! Bustle! I was dazed to say the least! And the day following my arrival I found a job—stage manager and juvenile. The show played two weeks, then flopped. Being in need of money, I wandered around and finally found another job, painting scenery for a little opera company in Greenwich Village.

"Then I had a telephone call, from someone I had met in Carmel. She had seen the show in which I appeared and wanted to know my plans. I told her it was my desire to get into the Neighborhood Playhouse. The rest was easy, for my friend knew someone connected with this theater.

"I became an extra in their production of the 'Dybuk,' at fourteen dollars a week. Meanwhile they were rehearsing a new bill, consisting of a Hayden Operetta, a Chinese Opera and a Burmese Fantasy. In the latter they needed a beautiful Burmese Marionette, and could find no one who knew how to string and operate one. I did both for them, and soon had the two managers begging me not to stop work. They even sent word to the company to have me perform that they might understand more of the Burmese dancing. I then imitated the puppet movements, using my own body. My salary was raised and I became a member of the new show.

"At the Neighborhood Playhouse there is also a workshop where all the costumes are made. At this time there was much worry and wrangling over Chinese boots, the Occidental foot being much larger than any Oriental boot. Besides Oriental boots were thirty-five dollars a pair. So I came forward and made them for three dollars a pair.

"From then on my place was assured—until June at least. I acted, danced, sang and did odd bits in the workshop.

"This season they have given me a contract and a scholarship. I have been made purchasing agent for the company and buy all the materials for each production. It's great fun—wandering through the big wholesale houses in search of materials, sometimes doing odd bits in the workshop, and sometimes acting in the play. I'm going to stay in New York for a while.

(New York, by the way, is full of them.)

I have been busy playing every night this season, except for the past week and a half. There is a new show on, and nothing much open but an extra part so it seemed best to remain out of it. The next show is an old Italian Commedia Del Arte and I have been given the role of Loula XIV. So! There is a fair idea of my acting up to date!

"They want me to stay on for at least another year, and longer if I care to. I sometimes grow awfully homesick for the sight of a few pine trees and the clean white Carmel Beach.

"Last summer, after the Playhouse closed, I was penniless for six weeks and too proud to ask for money. I went without food for days and in doing so very nearly ruined my health. Now I go to a specialist two or three times a week and he has me in pretty good shape. Outside of that everything is splendid.

"I know there are a lot of 'Ts' and 'me's' in this letter but please forgive them."

DIVINE WORSHIP

"A Definition of Christianity" will be presented by Rev. I. M. Terwilliger at the Carmel Community Church Sunday morning at 11 a.m. This is a companion sermon to the "Definition of God; or What is God Like?" given a few Sundays ago.

Visitors' night will be observed in the Epworth League at 7 p.m. Young and old are invited for this evening. A short sketch entitled "Mansions" will be presented by Clara Genevieve Terwilliger and Evelyn Arne.

There was standing-room-only in the Carmel Community Church, Wednesday evening, Feb. 15, when Dr. J. A. Hauser delivered his excellent lecture on Mexico.

FORMER CARMELITE PASSES AWAY

Mrs. Clare E. Rogers, formerly a Carmel resident, suffered a stroke at her home in Alameda on Jan. 11th and passed away on Jan. 27th. Services were held in Alameda, but the interment was in Oroville, where her husband and babe were buried, as Oroville was an earlier home of the family. Surviving children are a daughter, Ellen, now Mrs. Milton Godfrey, and three sons, Shelton, Ralph and Will, all of Alameda. Ralph was born in Carmel.

Mrs. Rogers loved Carmel and visited it as often as possible. Her last trip was in the summer of 1924, when she was the house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Gray, owners of the Ora Villa property. Mr. Rogers owned lots on Ocean ave. during their residence in Carmel.

LOOK HIM OVER; A GAUDY SIGHT

His Royal Highness, Marshal August Englund, is sporting a brand new uniform in the very latest cut and color. Down the front of the new uniform, in the region of the Marshal's manly chest, is a row of large buttons, and upon each and every one of these buttons is the raised letter P. It may mean Police, or Piety, or So's your old man. Anyway it attracts great attention and Gus and his horse are more erect than ever.

Perhaps the new park was forthcoming after the Marshal's recent visit to the city—anyway Gus is a sight to see when he goes to the park.

HIGH SCHOOL PARTY FOR THE JUNIORS

The seniors of Monterey Union High school gave a party at the House of Four Winds in Monterey last Friday and asked the juniors as their guests. Dancing, to phonograph music, comprised most of the evening's entertainment, but some lively games were played for the pleasure of the few who did not dance.

The guests helped serve themselves to doughnuts, snails and coffee and dishwashing was made quite as pleasant as dancing by the help of several boys.

The Carmel students to attend the dancing party were: Mary Douglas, Virginia Rockwell, Lexie Grant, Mary Wheldon, Pauline Meeks, Alma Cadematori, Tom Warren, Eugene Roehling, Gordon Campbell and Maurice Stoney.

OUTDOOR PAINTING

Cornells Botke is conducting classes in landscape and still life on Tuesday and Thursday mornings from 9 to 12. For information call at the studio on San Antonio near Ocean Ave., or phone Carmel 517-W. Adv.

GUESTS AT SEA VIEW INN

Miss S. C. Brown, Bournemouth, England; Miss M. T. Morewood, Los Angeles; Mrs. L. McCormick and Mrs. A. B. Akerly, San Francisco; Mrs. J. J. Tully, Mrs. J. J. Beaty, Miss Genevieve Tull, Oakland; Miss Leah Stephen, Stockton; Miss Alice L. White, Boston, Mass.; Mrs. S. Cheyne, Berkeley; Miss Violet White, Mrs. E. E. Skemp and Miss I. Skemp, Oakland.

RAINFALL DATA

Carmel—Carnegie Institute Washington, Carmel, Calif., 9 a.m. Feb. 24, 1927:

Feb. 23, 1927 to Feb. 24, 1927... 1.7
July 1, 1926 to Feb. 24, 1927... 17.3
July 1, 1925 to Feb. 24, 1926... 12.3
July 1, 1925 to June 30, 1926... 16.3
Jan. 1, 1927 to Feb. 24, 1927... 9.3
Jan. 1, 1926 to Dec. 31, 1926... 20.3
Pacific Grove—Southern Pacific station, 8 a.m. Feb. 24, 1927:
Feb. 23, 1927 to Feb. 24, 1927... 1.1
Feb. 23, 1927 to Feb. 24, 1927... 14.3
July 1, 1925 to Feb. 24, 1926... 12.3
Monterey—Steve Ireland residence, 111 El Dorado St., 8 a.m. Feb. 24, 1927:
Feb. 23, 1927 to Feb. 24, 1927... 1.1

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This fine home can be bought for \$5,000 down, the balance like rent.

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A Delightful Comedy

SUNDAY

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Priscilla Dean

—in—

"Jewels of Desire"

MONDAY
TUESDAY

Jackie Coogan

—in—

"Johnny Get Your Hair Cut"

Jackie Coogan's First Picture with a Man's Haircut

Wednesday

A Realistic Story of
College Life

"COLLEGE DAYS"

With a Delightful Cast of
Junior Stars

Thursday - Friday

W. C. FIELDS

—in—

"The Potters"

with

Ivy Harris - Mary Alden

Directed by Fred Noyce